

Children's Newspaper, November 14, 1936

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Competition With Prizes  
For Girls and Boys

See back page

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## ENGLAND'S THANKFUL VILLAGES

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Seven

### THE FLEETS OF THE TAMANU TREE

Wooden Walls of the  
Southern SeasSHIPS FOR DRAKES AND RALEIGHS  
OF A SAVAGE RACE

From Our South Seas Correspondent

The story of the Kauri tree told in the C N some weeks ago has gone half round the world and has brought back to the Editor's desk the story of another great tree of the South Seas which has met with a similar fate.

The C N correspondent at Rarolonga, in the Cook Islands, has just sent us its story; and very romantic it is, linking these islands with those of New Zealand, which governs them today and which has been wise enough to preserve its own giant tree, the kauri.

There once grew to gigantic size on the Cook Islands (says our correspondent) what is called the Tamanu tree, and its smaller descendants are regarded by the natives as the best of all for canoes, especially the large ocean-going ones. Often the wood has to be spliced to give length, but long ago, when the trees grew bigger, splicing was unnecessary in spite of the fact that the canoes were bigger.

#### Toward the Rising Sun

The giant tamanu was to the earlier Polynesian what the oak was to our Elizabethan seamen, and while Drake and Raleigh were crossing the Atlantic in their oak ships the Polynesians were exploring and peopling the rare Pacific Islands in their tamanu canoes. Indeed they had been doing so for centuries, ever moving outward and onward toward the rising sun from the days of our Conqueror.

It is now fairly established that the Polynesians migrated from the Malay Archipelago some centuries since. Samoa was their chief settlement, and from that island group they made their way to all points of the compass, settling as far north as the Hawaiian Islands and as far south as New Zealand, where they founded the Maori settlements.

#### From Alaska To Antarctica

They canoed to Easter Island, and are thought to have touched the coasts of Alaska, Peru, and Chile. They even ventured down toward the great white continent of Antarctica, where, their traditions state, they saw mountains in the sea, great white floating mountains, and lands covered with "arrowroot flour," which of course was snow.

How was it that these people were able to seek the rising sun when the prevailing winds and currents off the Malay Archipelago are from the east? The explanation is that the race, older than the Malays and originally of Caucasian stock, was one of great intelligence and enterprise. They had a knowledge of the constellations and of their rising and

### In Stricken Madrid



This is one of the main streets in the stricken capital of Spain, now in the deep anguish of a tragic fate

Continued from column 1

setting during the year, they were daring sailors, and were sufficiently weatherwise to take advantage of the westerly winds when they did blow.

They knew how to take the giant tamanu trees and build with them decked vessels capable of carrying a hundred people with stores for a long voyage. These vessels consisted of planks fitted and sewn together with coconut fibre, and soundly caulked with the gum which exudes from the bread-fruit tree.

The tamanu grows today on the shores of the East Indies and Pacific Islands, rising to a height of 60 feet. All the giant trees have gone, doubtless to serve the fleets on which the Polynesians made their long voyages of discovery and migration. These handsome people are still a sea-faring race, though less adventurous since western civilisation has come their way.

The tamanu is a joyous sight in Cook Islands, and it is good to know that there is no danger of their becoming extinct, though their ancestors have sailed away to perish in the mightiest of our oceans or to rot on coral strands.

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England was the first country to levy rates for the help of the poor, but developments in various directions led to the pauperising of the greater part of the nation. As an alternative to the workhouse the authorities offered money in part payment of poor workers, with the result that farmers and other employers benefited by the grant, refusing to employ any but men content to accept rate-aided pay. A man too proud for such a system was refused employment until his savings were gone, when he was compelled to come into the scheme under which the rates paid a share of his master's liability.

It has taken a thousand years of trial and error to arrive at the plan whereby masters and men pay premiums weekly into a national fund from which, in time of unemployment, the deserving worker receives again the sum he and his employer invested, plus the contribution of the State. There is no charity in this; it is the agricultural worker's right. And now his is the song:

Up! clouted knee and ragged coat,  
A man's a man today!

### MAGNA CARTA OF THE FIELDS

Beginning of a  
Silent RevolutionTHE NEW DIGNITY OF  
THE LABOURER

Without note of trumpet or hoisting of flag we have just embarked on a beneficent little revolution.

On Thursday, last week, agricultural workers who since May have paid their 4½d a week, with the same sum contributed by their masters and the State, became for the first time in history entitled to unemployment pay.

We hope that few may need it; but here for the first time is provision for the necessitous among a great class of the community out of the limelight of publicity, men and boys poorly paid in a vital industry which, in spite of its claims to gratitude, never returns fortunes to its leading men or luxury to the toilers in the muddy fields who do the heavy and laborious work.

#### Seasonal Unemployment

Here we have a new chapter in the oldest volume of our industrial history, abounding in thorny problems, from Saxon days to our own. There has always been seasonal unemployment in agriculture, except when the Black Death had mown away a third of the population, or when war made home production imperative; and that unemployment has led to injustices and abuses among the most distressing in our annals.

From the time of the first Edward to the second Richard the poor workers, utterly uncared for, were driven to the wilds and to brigandage. It was a criminal offence to give to beggars; men, bound to their masters, were sold like chattels. Oxford University's oldest college, Merton, had three generations of serf bailiffs who cultivated the estate, gathered the rents, and managed the tenants, and only surrendered their labours when plague carried off the last of the family and left their belongings to the warden and scholars of Merton.

#### The Peasant Rising

It was the poverty and suffering of the poor which brought about the terrible Peasant Rising of 1381, the only spontaneous popular upheaval our country has witnessed. Afterwards, when men became relatively free, their condition was better than for centuries later. If their wages were but a few pence a day, the money bought perhaps 15 times as much as it does now.

But bad times returned; under the Tudors out-of-works found wandering were first whipped, then had their ears cropped, and on a third offence were executed. Milder penalties for the starving unemployed were branding on the shoulder and the face, and slavery for life.



## THE GUY THAT WOULD NOT BURN Science Conquering Fire

### HOPE FOR BABY'S INFLAMMABLE TOY

It looks as if we shall have conquered the danger of fire before the Home Office moves to save little children from inflammable toys.

Imperial Chemical Industries, continually employing its resources of money and brains to give new materials to the world, has made a new chemical to protect them from the world's most relentless enemy of fire. It is built up out of monammonium phosphate and can be brushed or sprayed on timber, wall boards, and wall-paper. Covered with a film of it they will not burn.

Timber fireproofed in this way benefits most of all, because burning timber,

### THE MEN OF MADRID



Señor Caballero, the Prime Minister and  
General Franco  
Rivals for power in Spain

besides starting a fire, in a house, for example, feeds the flames. But Faspos, the new fireproof chemical, acts as a sort of robot fireman to tell the flames they shall not pass. It forms a glaze over the surface of the wood that is turning to charcoal in the fire, and chokes the flames rising from the gums and gases in it.

But Faspos does not stop at wood. It can armour reeds, straw, cork, and paper against fire, especially paper. Among the perils of carnival and Christmas festivities are the paper lanterns, streamers, and festoons which hold out an invitation to any unguarded flame. Faspos can make them safe. To show what it could do, Imperial Chemical Industries built two bonfires and suspended over each a Guy Fawkes of the proper old kind with cocked hat, arms, and legs complete. The fires were lit. In a few moments one guy had nothing left but its arms. But the other guy, treated with Faspos, was unharmed by the fiery furnace.

This demonstration took place appropriately on Guy Fawkes Day, when the London Fire Brigades received 150 calls to put out fires, many of them caused by fireworks. Faspos cannot deal with the danger of fireworks, but it may lessen the damage they cause.

Perhaps it may be that, if the Home Office will not save our babies from the fire danger, Imperial Chemicals may make these inflammable toys quite safe.

### STILL TIME TO SAVE EUROPE

By Lord Cecil

I remain convinced that we could prevent war. We must organise the people to insist that our Government shall pursue consistently, uninterruptedly, with courage and with determination, a well-conceived policy for strengthening the League.

In that way Great Britain can give the world that lead which it sorely lacks, and it has the right to expect of us.

Our backs are to the wall, but if we give up the struggle now we shall abandon Europe to unthinkable horrors which can but end in the destruction of civilisation. Lord Cecil in The Schoolmaster

## Farewell

To Gerald Gould, poet,  
essayist, and critic

Although most widely known as a book reviewer, he won a fair measure of fame as journalist, novelist, essayist, and poet. Many of his poems have a rare charm, and in all his writings sympathy and wit (qualities too rarely combined) are delightfully blended. He was only 51, but was the complete man of letters and one of the most respected critics of his time.

To Marius Maxwell, photographer  
of wild animals, who lost his life  
in an aeroplane accident

He was only 48, but most of his years had been packed with adventure. In his earlier days he was well known as a big-game hunter and worked for the Natural History Museum, but he will be chiefly remembered for his daring photographs of African wild animals. Hunting with a camera is as thrilling as hunting with a gun and demands much greater courage and resource, and his pictures of elephants, giraffes, gorillas, and other wild creatures are among the most wonderful photographs ever taken. His work remains as a valuable contribution to the study of natural history.

To Sir Arthur Yapp of the Y M C A

He was born in the Herefordshire village of Orleton 67 years ago, and has just passed away in the house he had named Orleton, at Pyrford in Surrey.

He joined the Y M C A when he was 21, and became its National Secretary in 1912. At the outbreak of the war his great opportunity came, his powers of organisation rapidly making Y M C A the best-known initials in the world, and its sign of the Red Triangle as familiar as the Red Cross.

The work of the Y M C A for the British soldier in all parts of the globe was wonderful, and the part played by Sir Arthur Yapp as its inspiration and guiding genius during those terrible years can never be over-estimated.

When George the Fifth knighted him he told him he had placed the whole Empire in his debt, and those words of the King are perhaps his best epitaph.

## JAFAR'S LITTLE BILL

### The Knot That Gave Way

A delightful story is being told of Jafar Pasha, the Iraq Minister murdered in the recent revolution.

Captured by the Scottish Horse when he led the Senussi in the Great War, Jafar was imprisoned in the Citadel at Cairo. Cutting up his blanket and knotting it into a rope, he let himself down out of the window, but a "granny" knot gave way and he fell and broke an ankle, with the result that he was easily recaptured and taken to the army hospital.

While he was there his chief, King Feisal, became an ally of the British, and consequently Jafar received the pay of a general from them. But to his amazement he received with his pay a bill demanding 45 6d for the blanket he had torn up in making his escape!

## LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

### Defenders of the City

The City of London has always taken a prominent part in defending the freedom of the country against enemies within and without.

The Lord Mayor's Show this week, in pageantry representing 400 years, has recalled many of the chief episodes in our history. Boys of the City of London School marched in the gorgeous uniforms of Stuart days, and other units of the Regular and Territorial Forces associated with the City donned the uniforms of other periods.

History was thus concentrated into a brief hour or two, and this year's Show had a dignity which has not always been associated with this ancient procession.

## KING GEORGE'S GARDEN

### Coming Transformation at the Abbey

It has been decided definitely that King George is to have his memorial where it was first planned, though a little modified.

Where Henry the Seventh's Chapel, the noblest ornament of Westminster Abbey, faces the Houses of Parliament, and the roadway afterwards narrows to Abingdon Street, a space is to be cleared where a statue of the King will stand in a garden of lawns.

From the garden and from the Thames beyond the Victoria Tower the whole of the Abbey will be revealed with Henry the Seventh's Chapel seen in all its beauty, and with the Jewel House revealed in front of the nave and transept and twin towers. It will at last look like the Abbey its architects saw in their dreams.

The Government has given the Fund property belonging to the Office of Works, which masked the Abbey and the Jewel House; and two 18th-century houses have to be sacrificed. It is a pity; but it would have been a greater pity if the dignity and spaciousness of the King's square had been sacrificed to keep them. The picture is still not as complete as it might have been, for other buildings remain to hide the ancient wall of the Abbey garden and the buildings beyond it.

In every way this seems the best plan, if only because it is the nation's scheme. There was something to be said for clearing Parliament Square as a site for the memorial, and none will deny that stands badly in need of redemption from its cheap ugliness; but it is London's business to put that right, and the capital of the Empire has no claim to dip into King George's Fund to help it out. It should be proud enough to clean up its own squares.

## DISAPPEARANCE OF A WIRELESS MAN

### Father Coughlin's Farewell

Good things are always happening in the world; this time it is the disappearance from wireless of Father Coughlin.

He has been the cheapjack of American politics for years, broadcasting from his tower church (built at a cost of £150,000) and building up his National Union for Social Justice.

At the Presidential election he declared his intention of winning nine million votes for Mr Lemke, promising that if he failed to do so he would retire. Mr Lemke polled 650,000, and Father Coughlin has kept his word, acknowledging that his union is discredited and declaring that he will withdraw from all wireless activity "in the best interests of the American people."

In his farewell to the public which has sent him so much money and so many sackfuls of letters Father Coughlin predicted that the nation would stand squarely behind President Roosevelt, and said that, so far as he was concerned, the President could do as he liked.

So once again we see that it is not the froth on the surface that matters, but the current running underneath.

## FIREWORK NIGHT

### The Dog in the Chimney

One of the saddest stories we have heard of Guy Fawkes Day is that of the dog which was so terrified that it ran up a chimney at Thorpe Bay.

During the noise of the fireworks the poor dog took refuge in the chimney and got fast, so that it was unable to move. The help of the Sick Animals Dispensary was summoned and everything possible was done to rescue the dog, but it was only after fifteen hours that it was set free.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

At a new library shortly to be opened in Notts provision is to be made for a garden for out-of-door reading.

A party of 30 Egyptian students are spending six months in Lancashire, where they are learning about the manufacture of cotton goods.

Aberdeen has bought 19 second-hand trams from Nottingham for £195 each.

Tin openers were busy last year, for the contents of over 670 million tins of canned food were eaten in this country, an increase of 620 millions since 1930.

The Eat More Fruit campaign has had surprising results. Ten years ago an average of about 75 pounds of fruit a year was eaten by each person; today the average has risen to nearly 100 pounds.

About a million bicycles were sold at the Bicycle and Motor-Cycle Show which ended at Olympia on Saturday. At least £5,000,000 worth of trade was done during the one week of the exhibition.

## WALLACE'S SWORD

Scots who hae with Wallace bled,  
Scots whom Bruce has often led.

Peter Puck expects great doings in Scotland. Last Sunday night four young men calling themselves Scottish Nationalists broke into the Wallace tower at Stirling and carried off Wallace's great two-handed sword.

## COBDEN'S DAUGHTER

Mrs Cobden Unwin, who is in her 87th year, could not travel to the Manchester Central Library, so the librarian went down to see her in her home near Midhurst in Sussex.

Into his hands she put a rare little pamphlet written by Richard Cobden at his Quay Street home in Manchester. It is entitled "Incorporate Your Borough," and was published in 1838.

## THINGS SEEN

A notice in a wayside bed of wall-flowers saying "Please let us grow."

A pane of glass crashing from an upper window at the feet of a woman on the pavement.

A milk bar crowded with people in Fleet Street.

A hunted fox locked up and released for the hounds at a house near Kendal.

Two monkeys, a Himalayan tree bear, and a tortoise at a tea party on a roof in Birmingham.

In the corner of a field in Yorkshire four rabbits, four partridges, and three pheasants gathered together.

## THINGS SAID

The South African Government has no war policy except that it does not want war. General Hertzog

It is clear that the chairman of the Libraries Committee will be better fitted for his post when he has made more use of the libraries. Hornsey Journal

Applications are invited for the post of County Air Raid Precautions Organiser. Somerset County Council

I only wish we could march the whole of London to Jarrow to see its distress. Canon H. R. Sheppard

I do not believe there has been any increase in juvenile crime.

A former Governor of Borstal

The teaching of road manners might well begin on the pavements. The Times

An Indian, or an Arab, or a Maltese is an alien in the eyes of most Englishmen; in his own he is a member of the British Empire. Miss Freva Stark



## ROOSEVELT CARRIES ON Big Man and Big Stick

President Roosevelt is President again with the Big Stick in his hand. America has never known anything like his victory, greater than Lincoln's. Except for two tiny States he has swept the country from end to end in spite of the bitter opposition of the stunt newspapers and all the wireless orators.

It was his forcible namesake Theodore Roosevelt who said he wanted a Big Stick to beat down abuses. Franklin Roosevelt has been given a bigger one by the overwhelming vote of the American people. They have seen him battling against all the powers and interests which resist reform lest it should take money from their well-lined pockets. They have seen his schemes for betterment of the workers brought up against the buffers of a U.S.A. Constitution of the Stone Age. They have seen him thwarted on every side. But they now have said as plain as the American language can make it, "Carry On," and we think they add in the favourite American idiom "Attaboy!"

### Prosperity Now Returning

What he had done was plain for all to see. He had pulled the American people out of the Slough of Despond. He had set even the capitalists and railroad magnates and the big industrial concerns on their feet again, when they had seen the solid earth slipping from under their feet, and their shares tumbling down on the Stock Exchange. They might choose to forget it now when shares are rising and prosperity returning, but the common people, the daily breaders, whose present welfare and future prospects Franklin Roosevelt had made safe, did not forget.

Some of his schemes were, indeed, included in the National Industrial Recovery Act, which was declared unconstitutional under the Die-Hard Constitution of the United States. But the American people have shown they prefer a live President to a dead Constitution.

### Ever Ready To Begin Again

They know as well as any capitalist that reforms cost money and the worse the ill the higher the price. But they are a young people, always ready to scrap the old and begin again, as they have done many a time before; and what they tell Physician Roosevelt is to get on with the case and never mind the expense.

That is the real American spirit. It can say to the Father Coughlins who prate about an upstart president who wants to be a king that they do not care two cents about what he says. Never have the quacks of American politics received such an avalanche of ridicule and contempt.

The resolution of the nation is a proof of the growing power of the people as a whole over the action of their Government. It is the assertion of the true democracy, the government of the people by the people for the people.

### Effect on World Peace

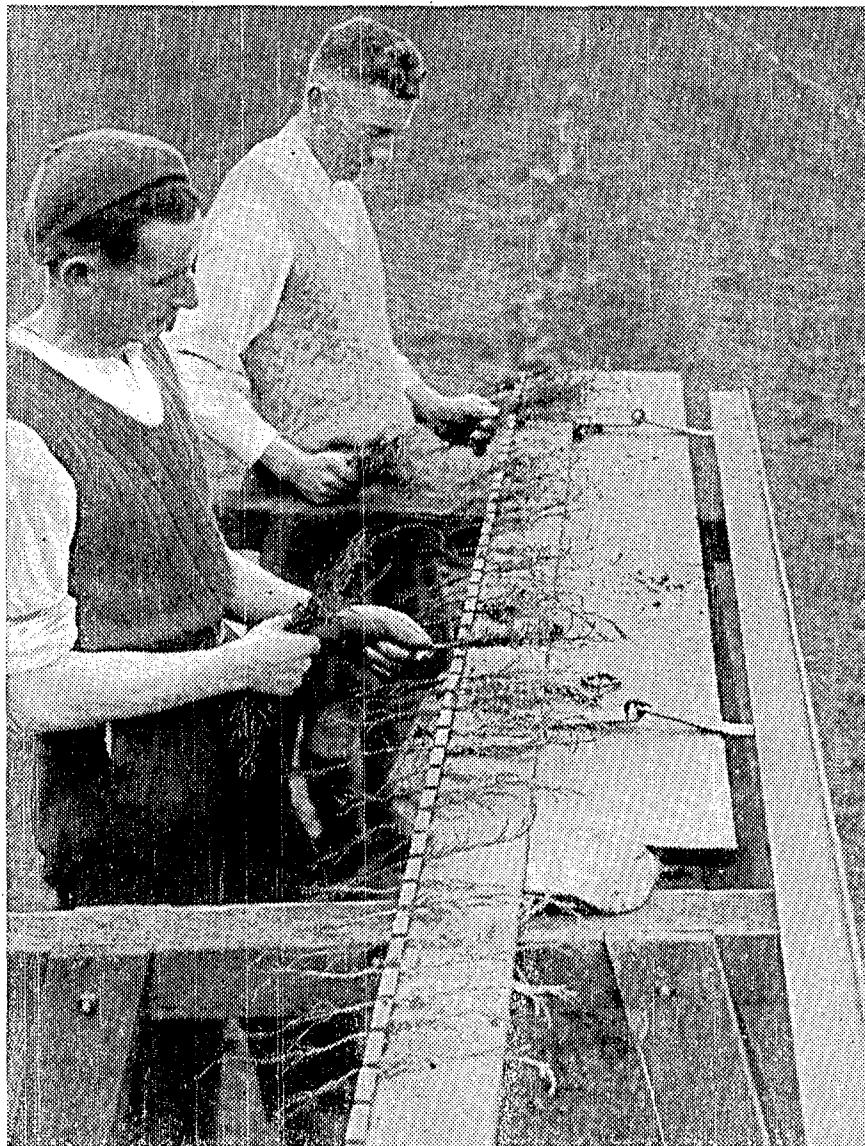
This Presidential victory is more than a domestic affair concerning only the United States. It is of importance to the whole world. Franklin Roosevelt in the saddle for another four years will have his say in the world peace. He has already taken steps to help it on. He will not be content to let the weeds of strife grow under his feet, for he knows well that America can no longer stand apart from the world's affairs. Peace is America's greatest interest, as it surely is that of every country under the sun.

The President knows it. He is at this hour one of the very few leaders of men who can march resolutely along the road, confident that his people will follow him.

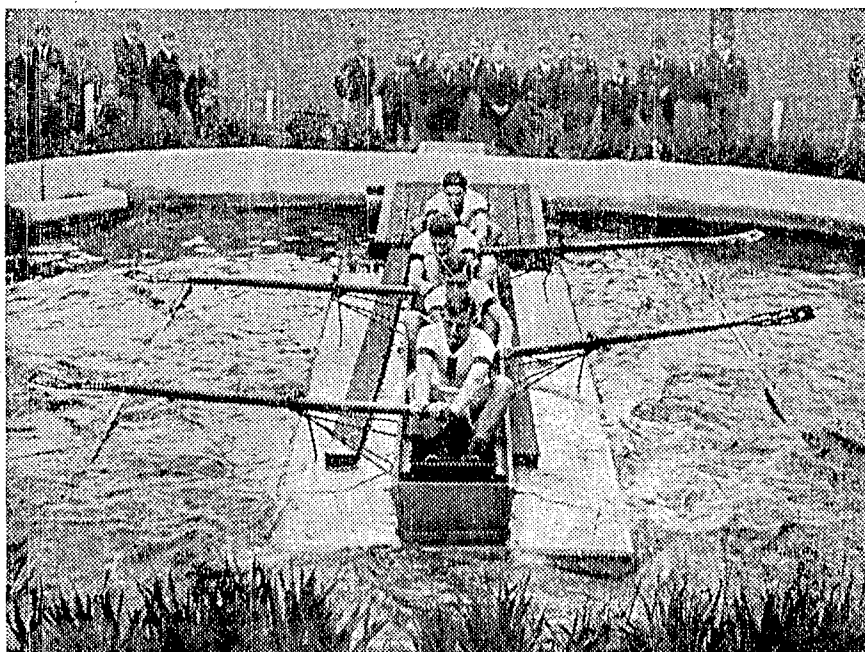
## From Ireland, Wales, and London



The Hay Boat—Bringing home the hay by boat at Connemara in Ireland



A Tree Nursery—Work is being provided for unemployed miners at a nursery near Cardiff where trees are being raised for the afforestation of distressed areas in South Wales



Rowing Practice—Boys of Emanuel School, Wandsworth, at practice in the school rowing tank

## QUEER PICTURES OF THE AGES

### Birmingham's Great Show of Heraldry

Birmingham has opened at its famous Art Gallery a great exhibition of heraldic art.

Nothing quite so big has ever been held before, and we congratulate the energetic curator, Mr Kaines-Smith, on his achievement.

Over 1000 rare and precious things are gathered in this exhibition, showing the pageant of England from the time of Richard Lionheart until now. The exhibits have come from many parts of the country and abroad. They would be worth perhaps a million pounds, but many are too precious for money to buy.

The exhibition is full of surprises. Who would think an artist of Tudor days could have anticipated our news reel? But that is what the maker of the Westminster Tournament Roll did.

### A Tudor Tournament

With a camera man's eye he painted on a roll of vellum nearly 60 feet long the brave procession of knights on their way to the lists. He painted the combat itself, and the return to the Court at the jousts held by Henry the Eighth in honour of Catherine of Aragon. It is done in gold and silver and colours, and all the art of the film could not exceed it in beauty. The little figures have been marching along this strip of vellum for 400 years, and the colour is still fresh.

Visitors may turn from this fascinating record to the charts with the marks still upon them by which the heralds showed the combatants who tilted at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Thoughts will turn again to Catherine of Aragon when the book of Prince Arthur is seen, painted on vellum with his arms and hers—a lovely thing to remind us of one of the most pathetic marriages in our history.

### The Funeral of Sir Philip Sidney

A bit of the writing of Cardinal Wolsey is seen in this exhibition, and there is the funeral roll of Sir Philip Sidney, showing heralds in their mourning hoods and carrying standards with their names underneath.

But the interest of this wonderful show of art is inexhaustible. We may see the charming little badges worn by the waits of Shakespeare's time, symbols of our communal music in far-off days. What would the waits have thought could they have heard the BBC? Even broadcasting comes into the exhibition, for the arms of the Corporation are here, with a symbol for everything except television. The story of trade comes in too. There are wool-weights stamped with the royal arms that were used by the king's inspectors who rode the length and breadth of the land to collect the wool tax.

### What Adam Died of

One of the most impressive exhibits is the Silver Jubilee Tapestry lent by the King, showing a bird's eye view of Windsor Castle. It is one of the great achievements of the art of modern English weaving. Queen Mary has lent a group of heraldic objects, illustrating the fact which she herself discovered, that the sons of George the Third adopted personal mottoes in place of the famous Dieu Et Mon Droit.

One thing here will make everyone smile; it is a fanciful pedigree tracing the descent of the Saxon kings from Adam, informing us that poor Adam "died of the gowte."

It is fortunate that this great exhibition, which has so many other rare things in wrought metal and carved wood and stained glass, remains open till December 12.



## THE PROUD MAN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

### One of Our Distinguished Visitors

#### A TALE OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION

We are to have many great and famous people here next year, perhaps more distinguished visitors than ever in our memory.

A correspondent recalls this queer story of a pompous stranger who came to be received like a reigning sovereign at the Great Exhibition of 1851.

The exhibition had been viewed with terror and dismay by the nervous, who wrote to the papers forecasting disaster from the influx of foreigners, and declaring that the presence of so many strangers would be seized as an opportunity to capture London and sack the capital.

#### A Great Gathering

The opening ceremony was one of the proudest moments in the lives of the Queen and her Prince Consort, both of whom were present with their children for the inauguration in the great building which, now the Crystal Palace, then stood in Hyde Park, with its roof thrown over a collection of noble trees which the builders had left undisturbed.

All the greatest people in our own land were present, and with them a host of royal and other dignitaries, princes, nobles, and ambassadors from the other nations of the world. The Queen and the Prince occupied thrones on the royal dais, and as the choir sang the Hallelujah Chorus there came the crowning incident of the day—a Chinaman, magnificently arrayed in oriental robes, suddenly emerged from the throng and prostrated himself before the throne.

Great was the astonishment; greater still the pleasure which all, including the Queen, experienced at the sight. But who was this noble stranger? His august name was not in the list of those invited. But, as all the world was represented, the thought occurred to the Court dignitaries that perhaps the Emperor of China had come unannounced.

#### A Hurried Conference

Where, then, should he be placed? The Lord Chamberlain had a hurried conference with the Queen and the Prince Consort, who urged that no mistake must be made, in belittling the dignity of so important a visitor.

So the stranger was placed between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Wellington, and, thus escorted, walked at the head of the procession through the building, bowing and beaming with unaffected delight from side to side on all beholders.

But he was not the Emperor of China after all; he was just one of the Emperor's enterprising subjects. It was discovered next day that he had crossed the ocean in a Chinese junk, which lay in the Thames and was open to inspection by the public at a shilling a head!

#### MILK IS BEST

Presiding at the annual dinner of the Allied Brewery Traders Association the other night, Mr Lindley Wilson made an interesting statement.

In spite of people who talk of the good old times, he said, beer in 1914 was too strong for the social good of the community.

So, after all, there was something in the burst of lamentation which Shakespeare utters in Othello:

*O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should with joy, pleasure, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts.*

Even then, as now, it seems that milk was best.

## ALMOST A SECRET

### But Too Good To Be Kept

The C N has just stumbled on one of the many good deeds being done almost in secret in London.

Bad deeds get into the daily papers; but good deeds hide under bushels or anything else handy, so that we are lucky to catch sight of them.

This good deed is a charity called Invalid Kitchens, and the Duchess of Gloucester is attending a sale in aid of the kitchens next month.

Suppose a rich man's son is ill, he gets the best skilled doctoring in the world, and so does the poor man's son who goes to hospital. But afterwards, when the little invalids are convalescent, there is a sad difference in their chances, for the rich man can give his son the special food the other cannot afford.

Well, the Invalid Kitchens have put that right by supplying special diets to invalids and convalescents in their own homes. Nor do they forget the poor mother who ought to eat good food and get strong before her baby is born, but cannot afford it because her husband and children must be fed, and she has far too little money for all their needs.

To scores of anxious people the Invalid Kitchen scheme must appear just like a fairy godmother, whisking all their worries away.

## MARK ANTONY'S LION CHARIOT

### Can it Be Done?

The C N is suspicious of performances by trained animals in circuses and menageries, except in the case of places like our Zoo and those of the best known of our own showmen whose methods are always open to public inspection.

There are performances which, judged from the testimony of men who have no interest to serve, do not involve cruelty, but only the application of kindness and unvarying patience to animals which show intelligence and good nature. Into this category, apparently, comes the feat of a lion trainer at the establishment of Hagenbeck of Hamburg, the man from whom our own Zoo copied the method which has given us the great open-air enclosures at Whipsnade.

The Hagenbecks were always trainers as well as trappers of wild animals, and we know from the writings of the veteran founder of the firm that kindness with courage and coolness was found to be the sovereign key to unlock the door to animal goodwill.

One of Hagenbeck's men, then, has trained two lions to draw a chariot, and they will give performances in this fashion when they come to London at Christmas, drawing their master round the ring in the vehicle with the good manners of a couple of ponies.

The great interest in the performance for most of us will be that it reproduces one of the pages of Plutarch at which we were all inclined to raise questioning eyebrows. For there he tells us that Mark Antony, in his great progresses, had lions harnessed to his chariots, and drove about the country with them. It can be done, it seems.

## A REGIMENT WHICH DOES NO HARM

The mounted militia of Northern Ireland consists of one man, Sir Ronald Ross, and one horse.

Sir Ronald Ross represents Londonderry in the House of Commons, and several Members of Parliament have drawn the attention of Mr Duff Cooper, the Minister for War, to the above curious anomaly.

The reply was that, although the regiment in question serves no useful purpose, it does no harm to anybody.

## HE STOOPED TO LIVE

### Picking Up a Bible on the Battlefield

A party of German police visiting England have taken home a Bible with a strange story.

It was given in 1870 to a German soldier who fought in the Franco-German War, carrying it through the fighting period. When his son joined up for the Great War, the older man gave him the Bible, which he carried till he was killed. In June 1916 a Nottinghamshire man saw the German lying dead, and, noticing a Bible half out of his pocket, he bent down to pick it up. As he did so a shell burst close by, killing every man round him, but missing him—almost certainly because he happened to be stooping at that moment.

He brought home the Bible and has treasured it ever since; but now it is to go back to Germany, in the hope that it may be returned to the family to which it once belonged.

## BAD FILMS

### Pictures Not Fit To Be Shown

The name "horrific film" has been applied to pictures intended to horrify those who see them.

Since 1933 the Board of Censors, which is a private and not a public institution, has classified a number of pictures as horrific, and has made the rule that any picture-house showing such a film shall exhibit the notice that the film is unsuitable for children.

But this does not go far enough; it does not keep children out, and in any case they are free to go in to see another film and to stay for the forbidden one. Now the L.C.C. is making a rule that no cinema shall show a horrific film when any child under 16 is on the premises.

There is no doubt that none but educational films should be shown to young children, though this would not, of course, exclude Mickey Mouse. Indiscriminate exhibitions of films to children, in cheap seats with a bad view of the screen, are exceedingly bad for the eyes and may cause permanent injury to sight, and there are serious mental and moral dangers.

It is high time that we had a responsible censor of all films, not the least of whose duties should be to protect children from careless exhibitors.

## BRITANNIA OF BOULOGNE

A great scheme is to have a somewhat tame ending.

Some time ago the C N reported that a statue of Britannia over 30 feet high, with a pedestal 50 feet high, was to be put up at the mouth of Boulogne harbour to commemorate the landing of the first British troops in France in 1914.

The memory of that day is still fresh in the minds of the Boulogne people, who often talk of the dramatic moment when they heard the unfamiliar sound of pipes and saw the swinging kilts as the Highlanders marched across the quay. "Nous sommes sauvés!—We are saved!" they cried to each other, and new hope came to them that the invaders would be driven back.

Now it has been found that the size of the statue made it impracticable, and instead of a huge bronze figure a smaller stone Britannia is to be made.

## SAVED BY HIS BOAT

When the Weymouth lifeboat went out into the teeth of a gale blowing at 50 miles an hour it was found that the fisherman who was in difficulties in the bay was John Holland, a member of the crew. He had been caught while putting down lobster-pots, and the lifeboat in which he has so often sailed towed him safely into port.

## BY THE THAMES THE POPPIES GROW

### Where They Come From THE FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE

Where the road to Petersham runs above the shining Thames stands the trim factory where the poppies are made.

From this factory come the red flowers that millions wore on Armistice Day. It is a House of Remembrance.

By the side of the factory is a pretty row of flats with gardens and lawns in front of them. Here live the men who make the poppies and their families.

Nowhere is there a happier family than these workers, though every one of them is a war-disabled man. Of the 360 nearly a third are totally disabled, half have lost a leg, and there are almost as many missing limbs as men. But they keep cheerful.

All this cheery, helpful industry sprang from the efforts of one man, Major Howson, who had suffered in the war, where he won the Military Cross, and who was eager to help the disabled. From the Disabled Society which he founded came the idea that disabled men might be set to make flowers.

The suggestion was not at first warmly received, and the first humble beginnings of poppy-making were in a room he hired off the Old Kent Road. But the room has now grown to the factory and estate from which 30 million poppies came last year.

So Major Howson, who, we are sorry to hear, now lies gravely ill on a bed of sickness, may rejoice that he has given work and content to the least fortunate of his comrades of the war.

It was his father, Archdeacon Howson, who dedicated the Field of Remembrance outside the Abbey last Sunday, when a cross was placed in the field on behalf of the King and another on behalf of Lord Jellicoe. The Field of Remembrance is floodlighted this week.

## WHO LIVES IF FREEDOM FALLS?

### Our Comfort Unrivalled

By Sir Samuel Hoare

In these recent years much has been heard of Five-Year Plans, of dictatorial decrees for social or economic change, of the conscription of industry and labour.

The fact remains that under our tolerant, comprehensive, unsensational system the communities within the Empire have reached a standard of general comfort unrivalled in any other country, and capable of almost unlimited development in the future.

This great system, the creation not so much of British Governments but of the varied activities of the members of our great Commonwealth, we are now called upon to make secure. The world abroad, no less than we ourselves, demanded that it should be made secure. If the system and all that it stood for crashed a period of chaos such as history had never seen would ensue.

If the Dark Ages followed for five centuries the downfall of the Roman Empire, a more profound darkness, a much longer black-out of civilisation, would follow the break-up of our great system. Let us save ourselves while there is time from this calamity, and, in saving ourselves, let us spare the world the centuries of horror that must otherwise await it.

## 1 2 3

62,777 passengers were carried by Imperial Airways in the year ending March.

1,317,825 people in England and Wales received public assistance relief last year.

15,000,000 people have visited Canada in 12 months.

£530,000,000 is invested in film interests throughout the world.



## THE QUEEN TO CETEWAYO

### A Silver Cup Turns Up

From Our South African Correspondent

It is reported from Dundee in Natal that Mr D. H. Bowden, a well-known Zulu historian, has brought to Dundee a silver tankard known as the Cetewayo Cup. It was discovered in a native kraal on the battlefield of Ulundi.

Ulundi was the residence of the Zulu kings, where on July 4, 1879, the Zulu impi were defeated and the royal kraal burnt.

The cup was a gift from Queen Victoria to Cetewayo, and is a beautiful piece of silver work.

Natives found the cup in the Ntigwini stream, close to the Ulundi battlefield.

It was black with stains and soot, as it had been used for a milking and cooking pot. The historical value of the cup was not recognised at first, although the finder knew by the handles that it was not of native workmanship, and when the dirt had been cleaned away the inscription came to light.

Mr Bowden has offered the cup to the Voortrekker Museum, at Maritzburg.

## TWO NATIONS TROUBLED ABOUT FRENCH-PETTAH

French-Pettah is a tiny piece of land about half the size of a football field on the eastern coast of Madras.

The inhabitants claim that they are living on territory "rightly and conventionally" under French sovereignty. The British Government affirm that the freehold of the estate is French but not the sovereignty.

Owing to the excessive importance attached by Governments nowadays to the sacredness of anything which can be called a frontier, there is little hope of this being settled diplomatically, and it may be referred to the International Court of Justice at The Hague.

## THE SIX TRIBES Negroes and Red Indians Living In Peace

There is a happy land, far from Dictators and rumours of war, in little known Dutch Guiana, where six tribes of Negroes have been living in friendship with their neighbours, the Alukuyana Indians, for two centuries.

Dr Martin Kahn, who has been visiting them to see how these Bush Negroes compare in health with the coloured people of the United States, has brought back cheering news.

All the tribes have wonderful health, and if they have been changed by their environment it is for the better. The open-air life of barbaric freedom suits them admirably and, unlike the American Negroes, they are free from tuberculosis. They are kind-hearted people, and their king is a benevolent ruler.

The people are descended from West African slaves who defied their Dutch masters and carried on a struggle for 40 years. They were given a treaty of freedom 190 years ago and since then nobody has interfered with them.

The Bush Negroes have changed few of the customs and beliefs brought across the ocean by their slave ancestors. With the fierce and shy Red Men of the forest, who barter to them their wares, they live on terms of unbroken friendship. These Red Indian neighbours, who carry six-foot long bows and arrows, have not the splendid physique of the Negroes, but they are lithe and sinewy.

## IF I WERE VERY RICH

By Mr Roosevelt

If I were a very rich man, and could have my way, I would bring all the children of London over to America for a year, and send all the children in New York over to England for a year, for I can think of no better way of bringing these two great nations to a better understanding of each other.

## SIX MEN FILL A GAP Work For Love

A call came through for six men the other day at the employment exchange at Wellington in New Zealand.

Six men were needed for a hard morning's work, but no pay was offered; they would have to work for nothing.

Yet every one of the 50 or so men on the exchange list volunteered for the job when he heard what it was. Many had been unemployed for long periods, and hoped every day to hear of some means of earning a little money; but they abandoned that hope for the day and offered to work for love instead when they heard that men were needed to fill a gully for the Sisters of Mary, who are giving not a morning but their whole lives for the lepers at the mission station on the Fiji island of Makongai.

These Sisters have in Wellington a training institution combined with a rest house where the nurses may recuperate after weary months on the island. The gully was outside this institution, and it took the six men a full morning to start the filling in by wheeling to it a great quantity of heavy boulders.

When they had finished they found waiting for them a good square meal, also provided for love, by a local hotel-keeper; but that was more than they or the rest of the 50 volunteers had either asked for or expected.

## COMING DOWN TO LOSE

The Rugby team of King William's College in the Isle of Man has flown to Ireland to play a match with Campbell College.

It was a thrilling experience for the boys, especially as they made the sea crossing against a wind blowing at nearly 100 miles an hour, and looked down to see the Irish Sea whipped into great waves. King William's team dropped down from the skies, but they lost the match.

## THE GOOD MAN OF ST MALO Small Schooner's Great Voyage

Once more Father Yvon of St Malo has finished his annual 25,000-mile voyage in a small schooner.

Every year he sails from France for the Grand Banks off Newfoundland and looks after the welfare of 3000 Breton fishermen. His own boat is fitted as a hospital, and as he travels from smack to smack, often among icebergs and in fogs and storms, he takes off sick or shipwrecked men, brings news of their families to the crews, collects letters to post to their homes, and takes down messages for all who cannot write.

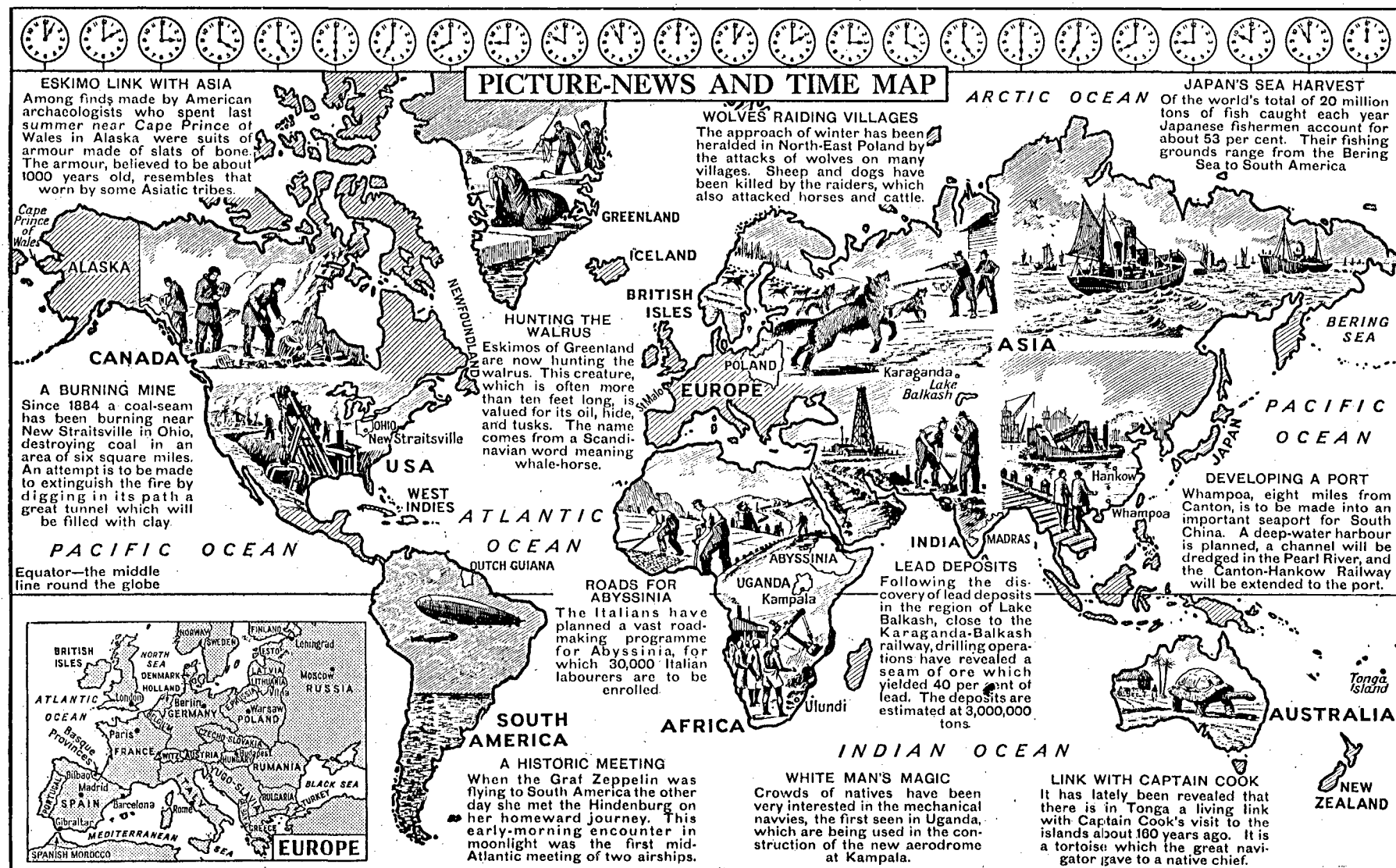
Hundreds of times this bearded Capuchin monk acts as doctor, and on Sundays he takes services. With a load of 13,000 letters he sails at last for St Pierre, lands fishermen who are ill, and puts the mail aboard the first boat bound for France.

Then he starts on another round of the great fishing fleet, cheering the crews as they keep watch in the great waters.

When autumn comes he goes back to Brittany, and then begins an inland campaign until it is time to start again for Newfoundland. In an old car he tours the villages and towns, showing a film he has made of the lot of the Breton fishermen when far from home.

## OLD AND NEW TOGETHER

Goodwood will, before very long, have the finest thatched hangar, less than half a mile from Goodwood House, in a setting of great natural beauty. It is hoped that by breaking the longest side of the hangar with sliding doors and white windows, and by putting over it all a good brown thatch, it will be in keeping with the countryside. About 50 feet long and 30 wide, it has 20 tons of thatch, and is big enough to take six machines.

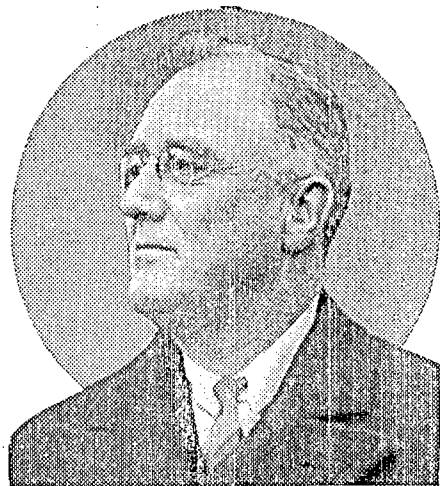




## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 14 1936

## The Pilot Who Weathered the Storm



In the dark days of the world a hundred years ago a poem was read at a dinner to William Pitt at Walmer Castle. It was written by George Canning, and won great applause for its tribute to Pitt as the Pilot who weathered the storm.

We have altered it a little and adapted it to President Roosevelt.

**I**f hushed the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep,  
The sky, if no longer loud tempests deform:  
When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep?  
No! Here's to the Pilot who weathered the storm.

**A**t the footstool of power let flattery fawn,  
Let faction her idols extol to the skies;  
To virtue, in humble retirement withdrawn,  
Unblamed may the tribute of gratitude rise.

**A**nd shall not his memory to Freedom be dear,  
Whose example with envy all nations behold,  
A statesman unbiassed by interest or fear,  
By power uncorrupted, untainted by gold?

**W**ho when terror and doubt through the Universe reigned,  
While rapine and treason their standards unfurled,  
The heart and the hopes of his country maintained,  
And one kingdom preserved mid the wreck of the world.

**O**, TAKE, then, for dangers by wisdom repelled,  
For evils by courage and constancy braved,  
O, take, for a throne by thy counsels upheld,  
The thanks of a people thy firmness has saved.

**A**ND O, if again the rude whirlwind should rise,  
The dawning of Peace should fresh darkness deform,  
The regrets of the good, and the fears of the wise  
Shall turn to the Pilot who weathered the storm!



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Triple Entente

**T**HE small girl put her hand into the visitor's and asked: "Would you like to come to the nursery to see my children?"

The visitor said she would love it: had she many children?

"Yes. I've got dribblets."

*Dribblets?*

"Yes, twins; only there's three, and then you call them dribblets."

## Nobody Wants the Stay-In Strike

**T**HE Stay-in Strike, which has caused so much trouble in the world, has been banned by the South Wales Miners Federation.

This is good news, for the Welsh miners are by no means a tame body of men. They know how to stand up for their rights, but they have decided against the stay-in way.

In mines the process of staying in, involving the voluntary 'entombing' of workers, is a grave matter indeed, fraught with imminent danger and likely to cause prolonged bitterness; and it commands no public sympathy.

The executive of the Federation has presented a strong report on all such unauthorised stoppages of work.

## Why Not Do It?

**W**E reported last week the wonderful words of the leader of the unemployed men who marched to London from Jarrow.

*He never thought there was so much generosity and good nature in the world.*

We are thus again reminded that there is more evil wrought by want of thought than by want of heart. Our generous people have a Government composed of generous men, but it has not given thought enough to the distressed areas. This accusing march from Jarrow would never have occurred if we had added to generosity of feeling the application and determination without which good intentions must always fail.

Much needs to be done to make the best of our British prosperity. Everywhere we see evidences of wasted land and wasted opportunity. There is much good work calling to be done. Why not do it, and in doing it build up the lives and homes of men?

## The Most Beautiful Discoveries

*The telescope and the microscope are the two most beautiful discoveries ever made.*

Sir Frank Dyson

**T**HE CN agrees with our former Astronomer-Royal and would be delighted if he would use his influence to see that a fine telescope and a fine microscope are made available to the London public in one of our great institutions.

One of the best things a rich man could do would be to put a great telescope in some central place where anyone could see the sky through it on any night.

## Here We Lag Behind

**T**HE Middlesex County Council sent a delegation abroad to investigate technical training in six Continental nations.

Twenty technical institutes were inspected in Germany, Austria, Holland, France, Belgium, and Switzerland, and the delegation reports that we are lagging behind in this important respect, even while we suffer from a great shortage of skilled labour.

In Brussels were seen examples of fitting and machine work produced by 16-year-old boys that could not have been excelled by skilled craftsmen.

## A Word From Shakespeare

*On President Roosevelt's Victory*

O! wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful! and after that out of all whooping.

*As You Like It*

## Tip-Cat

**G**ETTING into the fresh air is a splendid education for a boy. Brings him out.

**B**RIGHT children are a credit to their teachers. It is the dull ones that cast reflections on them.

**S**OME people are always on the make. But they don't make friends.

**A** WRITER always gets plots for his stories in trains. But not always on the same lines.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know

**If a radio clique is a wireless set**



**M**ANY orators when talking like to have something in their hands. It is better to have something in your head.

**R**OMANTIC poetry is coming back. Publishers say they could never make it go.

**E**NGLAND is being made smaller every day by the sea. Shrinking in the wash.



## THE BROADCASTER

*CN Calling the World*

**K**ENT GARDENS have raised nearly £1000 for the Nurses Fund this year.

**P**OLLY DONKIN, a Cullercoats fishwife, aged 79, has collected £657 for the lifeboat funds.

**F**IVE HUNDRED Durham miners at Crag Head are paying a penny a week for a children's Coronation treat.

## JUST AN IDEA

*The best way to forget our own troubles is to remember other people's.*

## God Give Us Men

*This prayer by an American for a leader of men has once again been answered.*

**G**OD give us men. A time like this demands

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands,

Men whom the lust of office does not kill,

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,

Men who possess opinions and a will,

Men who have honour, men who will not lie;

Men who can stand before a demagogue

And rout his treacherous flatteries without winking;

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog

In public duty and in private thinking;

For while the rabble with their well-worn creeds,

Their large professions and their little deeds,

Mingle in selfish strife, lo, freedom weeps,

Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps. J. G. Holland

## The Old Cobbler

*By The Pilgrim*

**H**E is just an old cobbler, an honest, God-fearing man with little education but a great faith. It was he who urged a young fellow to enter the ministry. He showed him the way and helped to kindle the desire. "I can't afford to go to college," said the young man.

"A way will be found," said the old cobbler.

"I should never dare to stand up and preach," said the young man.

"Courage will be given you," said the old cobbler.

The young fellow, who went to college this autumn, tells us that almost the last thing he did before leaving home was to spend an hour with the old cobbler. "You see," said his friend, "I wanted to go into the ministry years ago, but I had not the opportunity. The way never opened for me. I think I was meant to be a scene-shifter, just as I think you are meant to be one of the actors in the play. I shall feel I am doing something if I keep behind the scenes. And I want you to promise me one thing."

"Anything."

"I want you to give me the privilege of mending your shoes for nothing. Whenever you come home you are to let me mend them if they need it. I want to do it. It is all I can do for you now, but I shall be proud to think you are standing up in the pulpit in shoes that I've mended for love, and that you are going about doing good in shoes I have made strong with prayer."

It's faith in something and enthusiasm for something that make life worth looking at. Oliver Wendell Holmes



## MOUSETRAPS IN THE SKY

### Stowaway Mice in Aeroplanes

Rats on ships we all know about, but it has come as a surprise to most of us to hear that mice have taken to flying as eagerly as rats took to sailing.

Only the other day a man brought along his aeroplane for an overhaul by Airwork Limited of Heston Airport. "And please completely clear out all mice," he added to his instructions.

The overhaul department pondered the matter; wondered if cats would deign to watch a crack in an aeroplane, whether ferrets might not wriggle in and out more easily but leave too strong a scent behind; and finally ordered a dozen mousetraps complete with cheese.

While metal aeroplanes can stand up to any mouse, it must be an added nervous strain for an airman in a wooden machine to hear that well-known nibble of a mouse munching off a prime piece of wood. A spar or a rib may snap as the result, and then where would mice and airman be?

With regard to such accidents, a leader writer in The Times suggests that stow-away mice in the air might serve the same purpose as rats on a ship, whose sixth sense is said to send them scuttling ashore if the ship is in any danger of sinking. Provided with a small emergency exit the mice could, by leaving the aeroplane in a body, tactfully call attention to the fact that disaster impended.

#### Eating the Wings

The only other suggestion we can make is that Walt Disney's film, The Flying Mouse, be shown in all airports, for we know of no better lesson to a sensitive mouse than this picture of the one who was given wings to attain his wish to fly, and found himself neither beast, bird, nor good red herring, but "just a nothing," as he confessed with tears running down his quivering nose, so that all the children in the audience wanted to hug and comfort him.

But more creatures than mice find food in aeroplanes. We hear that the preserving spirit used on the wings of seaplanes resting on aircraft carriers is very much to the taste of seagulls, which have riddled many a good wing in their efforts to leave not a drop behind. Even cows will solemnly munch through the wing fabric of an aeroplane which has made a forced landing in their field.

It is all very difficult; but let us at least hope that the mousetraps at Heston Airport prove efficient.

## CROWDING THE SKY

Day by day the number of aeroplanes in use increases.

There are more private owners, more commercial planes, while the Government is rapidly building up a great fighting Air Force. The intention is to increase the air defence to many times its size as it existed early this year.

There has consequently been a certain increase in the number of accidents due to collision, as long ago we pointed out would be bound to happen unless rules were strengthened. The importance of this cannot be overstated, for a mere touch, which with motor-cars would mean no more than a bruise or a dent, is enough to make colliding planes crash.

England is, moreover, a very small country, and thus within a confined area a very large number of planes will presently manoeuvre.

#### Last Month's Weather

LONDON		RAINFALL	
Sunshine . . .	91 hrs.	Gorleston . . .	2'59 ins.
Rainfall . . .	1'77 ins.	South'pton . . .	2'16 ins.
Dry days . . .	20	Birmingham . . .	1'61 ins.
Wet days . . .	41	Tynemouth . . .	1'45 ins.
Coldest day . . .	8th	Chester . . .	1'29 ins.
Warmest day . . .	15th	Aberdeen . . .	1'18 ins.
Wettest day . . .	31st	Falmouth . . .	1'14 ins.

## 23 Thankful Villages

### FIRST RECORD OF A REMARKABLE PAGE OF OUR HISTORY

*Armistice Day has come and gone once more; it is 22 years since the beginning of the march of our manhood to the battle-fields and 18 years since the end of it.*

*Hardly a corner of our land is there that was not bereaved in those four years. In almost every place we come to in our countryside is a visible mark of the Great War. On the green, at the cross-roads, or in the church, there is always a memorial somewhere, too often a poor thing but often of captivating beauty. In the new Domesday Book of the Nation which Arthur Mee and his staff have*

*prepared these memorials have been put down when of some special merit, but in the first volume of this great series of books is something that has never been brought together before, a group of England's Thankful Villages, where all the men came back.*

*It is wonderful to think that there should be even one village where every man came home from the war, but the writers of The King's England books have found 23 such villages, and this is what we read in the first of their volumes, Arthur Mee's Enchanted Land.*

## Where All the Men Came Back

THE thrill came to us first in Somerset after we had been riding for miles on the hills that look down on Bath; and in our minds the small place called Woolley stands out as the first of England's Thankful Villages.

It stands superbly on a ridge, but we must wind and wind and wind through a maze if we would find this little place; there is just room to get the car between the hedges without hurting the grasshoppers, and at last we see it shining like a gem on a sunny day, a tiny church between two barns.

We have seen a book in which the writer said that of Woolley there is nothing to say; but never again will that be said, for of Woolley there is this to say, that this hamlet of 13 houses sent 13 men to the war and everyone came back. Behind the hamlet is the Great Down on which Sir Bevil Grenville fell leading his Cornishmen to victory; below the down is the home of Thirteen Heroes, a village like a T with the church at the bottom, down a street with water-taps at the doors, little gardens in front, and the gate of a field which bids us go no farther.

#### Welcome Back To Woolley

To such a place it was that the 13 men came back. Here they stood on one great day, the men from the red fields of France, the parched sands of Mesopotamia, and the stony wilds of Palestine. Here they stood while the old rector welcomed them home, the 13 families crowding the 18 pews. We could find no shop in Woolley, no inn, no school, no letter-box, but we found a plain brass tablet of thankfulness for the safe return of their 13 men.

It would be good to think that our Thankful Villages had all some visible token of their thankfulness, but often there is nothing; the village has just its memory that the men came back. But if we come to Rodney Stoke in Somerset we find a village proudly expressing its thankfulness that it offered 17 men and four women to England and all came safely home. Nowhere else have we found the spirit of thankfulness expressed as in a lovely window here, facing the door as we came in, with these grateful words:

*To the glory of God and in thankful remembrance of the safe return of all the men connected with this parish who by land and sea served their King and Country in the Great War.*

Facing it is a roll of honour with the names of the men and women.

#### The Home of Admiral Rodney

It was the famous admiral's family who gave its name to Rodney Stoke; here on the farm across the road from the church the gatehouse of their old home stands. A chapel in the church is filled with their monuments, one of them perfectly charming in a window with Anna Rodney lying serene in a richly embroidered bonnet with lace collar and cuffs and a double row of pearls round her neck. Looking down on her is the grim figure of her brother George, getting out of his coffin with his shroud still on, with his long hair

falling on his shoulders, and above him an angel blowing a trumpet to announce his resurrection.

A fascinating group the Rodneys are, and it would please the old folk if they could come back to see that the village is keeping up the high tradition of the Somerset carving men who fashioned these tombs. The bench-ends are the work of village craftsmen, and one of them has a pathetic interest because the hand that did it is at the bottom of the Atlantic. It was carved by Reginald Hale, who left Rodney Stoke to seek his fortune overseas, sailing in the greatest ship that ever then had gone to sea, and went down with it on his first voyage. It is one of the sad little postscripts to the poignant tragedy of the Titanic.

#### A Pleasure Tinged With Sadness

It has been a sad pleasure to come upon these Thankful Villages of which no other record exists than the one we have been able to make. Except in these few villages there is probably in every town and city and hamlet in the kingdom one

*In every wood and field and lane,  
Who will not pass this way again.*

These are the 23 Thankful Villages we have been able to discover where all the men came back; they are in 12 counties, and we give the number of men who came back to them:

In Yorkshire: Cayton 43; Catwick 30; Norton-le-Clay 16; Cundall 12. In Bedfordshire: Stanbridge 33. In Gloucestershire: Coln Rogers 23; Brierley 14; Little Sodbury 6. In Cambridgeshire: Knapwell 23. In Wiltshire: Littleton-Drew 22. In Somerset: Stocklinch 19; Rodney Stoke 17; Woolley 13; Aisholt 8; Tellisford 3; Chelwood 4; Stanton Prior 3. In Northants: Woodend 19. In Derbyshire: Bradbourne 18. In Lincolnshire: Bigby 10. In Notts: Wigsley 7; Maplebeck 2. In Leicestershire: Willesley 3.

#### William Tyndale and His Attic

Cayton, one of the Yorkshire villages in this list, has perhaps the record for thankfulness, for as many as 43 men went and 43 came back. As for Little Sodbury in Gloucestershire, those who believe that all things are guided in this world will like to remember that it was in an attic there that William Tyndale sat reading his Bible, and was inspired to present to the English people the noblest possession the centuries have vouchsafed to them. Four centuries after Tyndale, Fate has been kind to the village of his dreams.

At Tellisford the lords of the manor have been rectors for 150 years and have kept the heart of the village friendly and beautiful. A flagged path brings us to the church between the low stone walls of a garden and a farm, covered in springtime with the matchless arabis and aubretia. Out of our English chalice of beauty has come no fairer place.

It has been surprising to find that the remarkable experience of these Thankful Villages has already been forgotten in some of them. Would it not be a lovely thing if in each one there could be some mark of gratitude for this shining ray of fortune which befell them when England was in the Valley of the Shadow?

## TWO MIGHTY LAMPS

### Biggest Incandescents in the World

#### AMAZING FEATS OF SCIENCE

Two mighty electric lamps have been made for use in aerodromes, and they represent in various ways a number of amazing achievements in science.

Each bulb has about a quarter of a million candle-power, and is the size of a large pumpkin; 125 horse-power is needed to provide the electricity for one lamp, and the cost of a bulb is about £100.

The light is produced by tightly coiled tungsten filaments, which generate terrific heat, as only a tiny fraction of the energy used in an incandescent lamp is converted into light (most of the energy is turned into heat).

#### A Very Short Life

Naturally these giant lamps develop enormous heat for their size, and it is a miracle that the glass bulbs stand it. The glass used is Pyrex, the material used today for cooking utensils, for it can be baked in a hot oven. The real tragedy of the lamps is that they burn for only a hundred hours. The filaments literally burn away, although there is no air or oxygen, but only a little argon in the bulb, and the volatilised tungsten metal deposits on the insides of the glass. The filaments thus get thinner and thinner, decreasing in resistance, and so allowing more and more current to pass through them until they collapse and burn out.

Probably the most successful type of aerodrome lamp, the light of which can be seen for 50 miles, is a smaller bulb which takes 30,000 watts (about 40 h-p) and gives a light of about 60,000 c-p. These lamps also have a life of about 100 hours only. But modern aerial traffic owes a great deal to these monster lamps, the highest point reached in the incandescent lamp industry since the early bulbs of Edison with their tiny bamboo filaments; and those who travel by air may well spare a thought for the part that the new aerial lamp has played in safeguarding their lives.

## A BRAVE ADVENTURE

### The World Loses a Hero

It was October 1918, and the end of the war was drawing near.

Two British divisions were separated, and one was being harassed by a machine gun on its flank.

In broad daylight a small patrol was sent out to try to gain touch with a neighbouring division, and while on the banks of a river they discovered an enemy machine-gun post on the opposite side.

A young sergeant named Walter Simpson volunteered to swim the river alone and try to capture the post. He actually succeeded, creeping up behind it and overpowering six Germans.

Later an officer and another man joined him, and they continued the patrol. Suddenly heavy fire was opened on them and the officer fell wounded. But Simpson covered his withdrawal, and was fired upon by machine guns.

The young sergeant received the V.C. News of his death has come from Sydney, and the world is poorer for the loss of a very brave man.

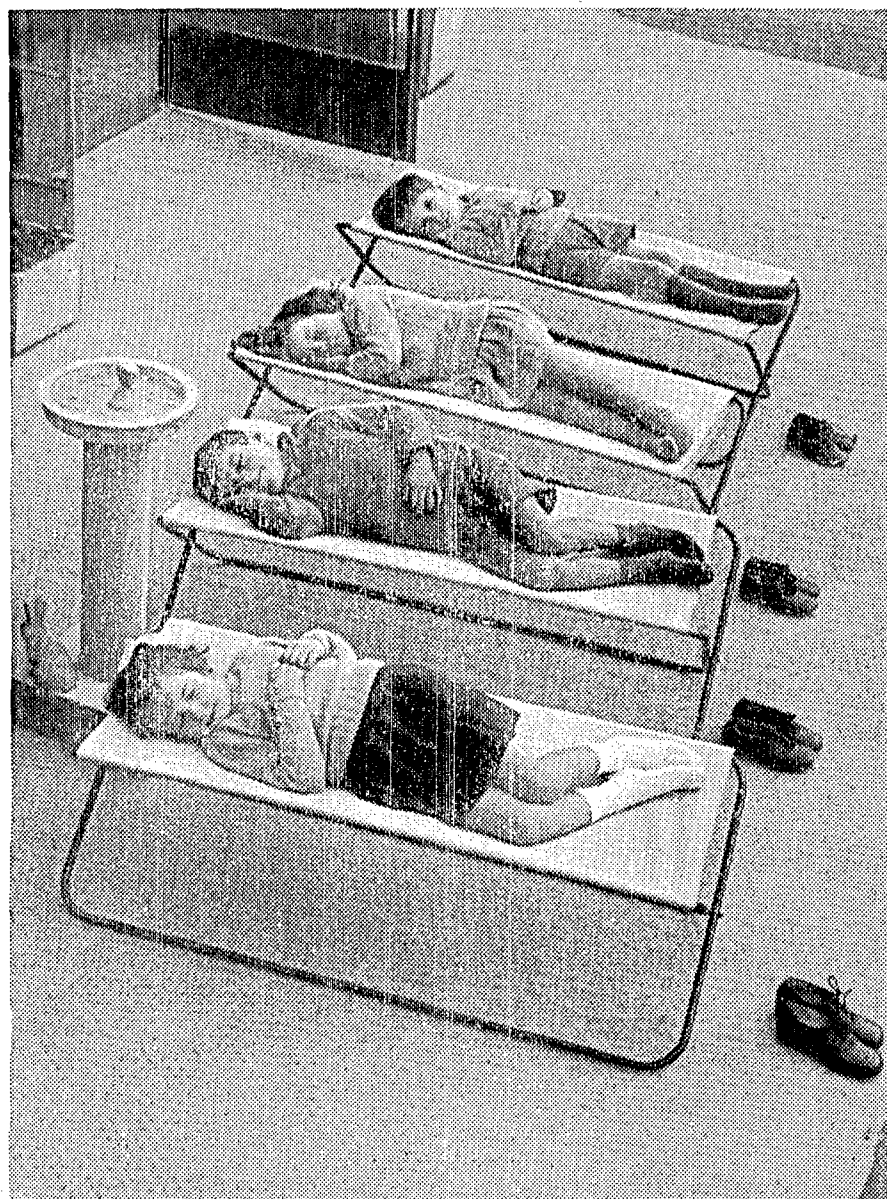
## A CASKET FOR CANTERBURY

The casket given to Canterbury Cathedral by Mrs Robinson-Harrison of Cumberland, as a thankoffering for blessings to her parents, husband, and family, is one of the richest gifts bestowed for such a purpose in modern times.

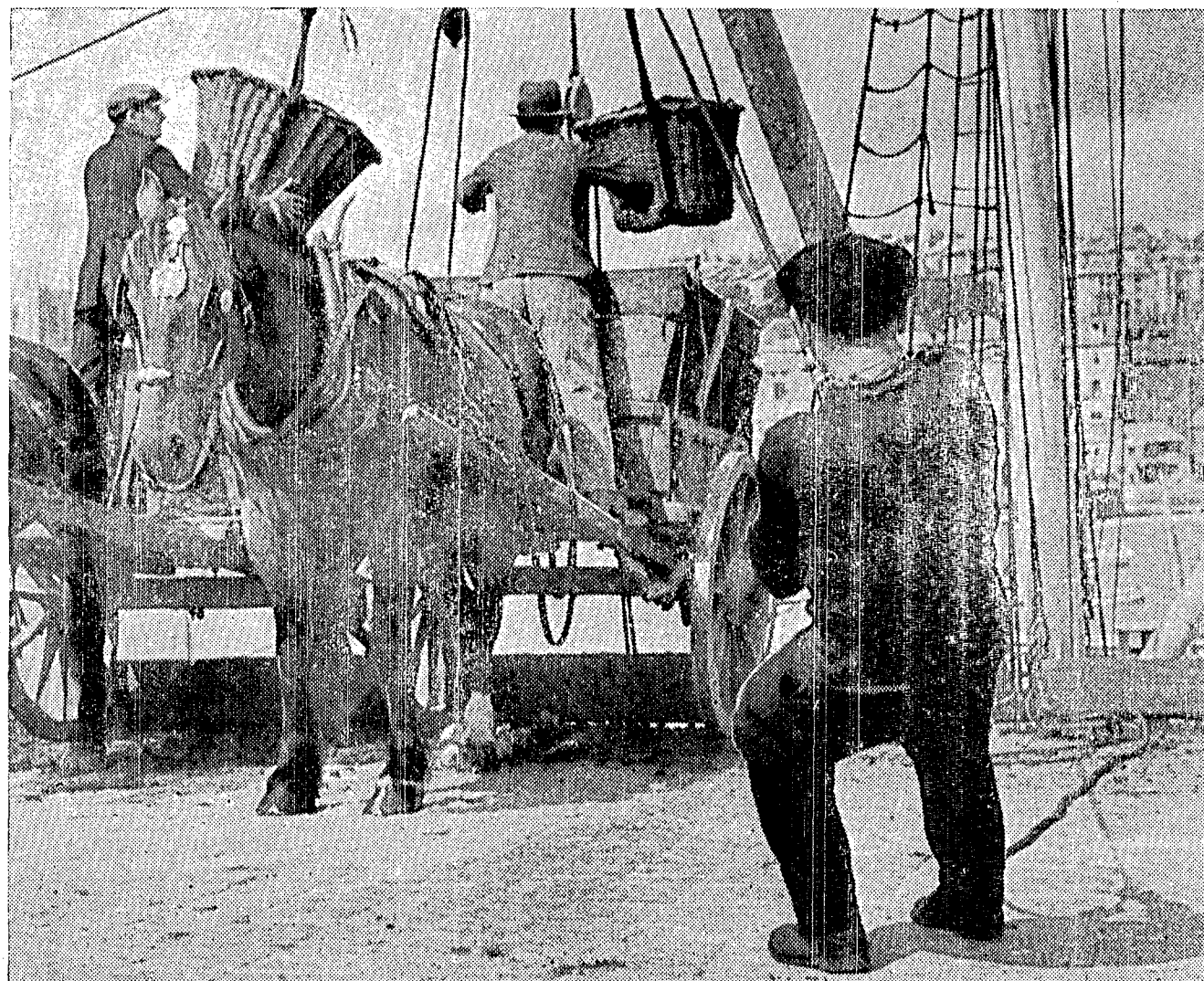
It is a casket consisting of the biggest piece of platinum ever worked, adorned with the first figures of angels ever cast in this precious metal, and with rare diamonds studding its sides.



## Time For Rest in a Middlesex School



## Unloading Coal From a Boat at St Ives



## GOING BACKWARD ON THE RAILWAY

THOSE who travel daily on the Southern Railway may now journey on it back through time if they like, at least back to the year 1835, when the first trial trip was run between London and Greenwich.

Their journey will be through the pages of a book beautifully illustrated with old prints, maps and charts, photographs, and coloured plates. It is called *A History of the Southern Railway*, has been compiled by Mr C. F. Dendy, and is sold for 17s 6d.

That the South did not welcome the North's mechanical invention is shown by the following cutting from a journal of the time of that first London to Greenwich run.

### Shall We Fence In the Roads?

THE safest places in the land are the railways. They are railed in.

The most dangerous places are the roads, and they are beginning to see the red light. They are taking the railway lesson to heart. They are setting up their fences.

At Charing Cross there are fences to keep the wayfarer from wandering into the roadway under the wheels of the motor-cars. There are other fences at Hammersmith Broadway, Kingsland, portions of the Mile End Road, and South Kensington, where a police car with a loudspeaker was recently stationed to see that people took note of them. The fencing of the roads has begun.

Sooner or later these barriers will stretch their arms farther and farther along the streets and roads, till the fencing will go nearly the whole way along, leaving only the level-crossings at intervals. The highways will have become motorways. Those who progress on their two feet will be required to keep off them, except where the indulgence of Mr Hore-Belisha and the

Loss of life on that favourite toy from Liverpool to Manchester has always been terrific. Mr Huskisson was the first martyr; and the last splendid exhibition took place on Thursday upon the new tomfoolery to Greenwich, when "by some accident" one of the carriages in which a party of noodles ventured themselves was thrown off the rail, but although it ran a vast number of yards no serious accident occurred. How lucky! Nobody killed the first day!

How amazed the writer would be if he could know that a century later 558 trains arrived at Southern Railway stations in London every morning and deposited in the City 1700 passengers a minute—and again nobody killed!

Transport Ministry has stationed studs and beacons to allow them to cross.

It is not a cheering prospect for those who have believed that the roads were free to all since the Romans made them. But we see no alternative. The enthusiast who said "Give me freedom or give me death" spoke before the coming of the motor-car. He would not have the choice now.

Dismal as the future of the road walker seems, the fence and the crossing are all that are left to him. He will sacrifice much, but he will keep his life and limbs.

Last year on the safe railways over 1100 million journeys were made and only 13 lives were lost—in one accident. The risk of loss of life worked out as one in 89 millions while the traveller kept to the railways.

In the same time on the roads 7400 were killed and 231,000 injured. That is a high price to pay for the freedom of the roads.

Mr Hore-Belisha has done as much as mortal man may do to lessen this wicked loss. But while these dangerous locomotives remain on the roads, increasing in numbers and power as the years go on, the bill will go up. The negligent, careless, thoughtless driver can never be entirely cut out.

The only remedy is to cut out the road walkers, or to cut them down to the crossings. They will have to keep to the other side of the fence.

The fencing has begun. Is there any escape from it?

### WHO WANTS TO SEE OUR GREAT PEOPLE?

#### Deserted Art Gallery

Why is it that that most interesting collection of pictures the National Portrait Gallery attracts so few visitors?

Despite the longer hours of opening, made possible by electric light, those who visited the gallery during the year ended March 31 last numbered 153,497. The average number is 172,255.

We think the poor attendance must be due to general ignorance of the gallery's existence. Most people have been to the National Gallery; many have not even thought of visiting the Portrait Gallery opposite St Martin's Church, with its rather inconspicuous entrance and its deeply interesting collection of famous pictures of famous people.

Perhaps it would be a good idea for our galleries to make their entrances attractive, as the cinemas do.

#### GOOD NEWS

Cockermouth, once a centre of the linen-thread industry, is to see one of its old mills reopened and about 200 people weaving again.

The mill has been bought by a Manchester firm, and when work begins it will mean a better time for many families in this corner of Cumberland.



## THE VERY OLD WOMAN OF HEILBRON

A VERY old woman hobbled into the police station lately at Heilbron, South Africa.

She was so small that she might have been a fairy in disguise, and her tiny face was covered with wrinkles. She said her name was Mietjie-November, and she had come to ask for poor relief as she was too old to work.

Sympathetic officials who listened to her story were convinced that she could not have been less than 117. Once she had been a slave, she told them. The

Xosas had taken her from her home and sold her to a Mr Aucamp. Many of her memories of events while she was a slave happened about a century ago, in the early history of South Africa.

Cheered by her visit, and bidding her new friends a smiling Goodbye, the bent little figure set off for home; but the effort of coming up from the country had been too much for her, and before many days had passed she passed peacefully away from the world she had known for so long.

## The Cross on the Flag

The Chief Scout sends this very interesting note to The Times. He has been talking to a Swede well known in his own country.

HE had been Commandant of the Scandinavian Corps which fought against us in the South African War in 1900, and on behalf of its members he presented me with a medal which they wear in commemoration of that campaign.

In performing this charming little act of goodwill he pointed out that the design on the medal consisted of a large cross which embraced in its four quarters the arms of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Finland respectively. He then put to me a fact which possibly is not widely

noticed—namely, that of all the nations in the world it is only the four cousin nations, and their very near relation Great Britain, who carry the Cross on their national ensigns; and he added that it was significant that these five, true to their emblem, carried out as no others did the true principles of practical Christianity in their conduct and outlook.

The consequent peaceful prosperity and happiness of the peoples concerned and their mutual neighbourly goodwill supplied an object lesson and an example which others might well ponder and pursue in these days of chaotic unrest.

## The Hero Queen Elizabeth Loved

ANTON MENSING discovered a book Queen Elizabeth once possessed, and he took it to Amsterdam.

Now he is dead, and the book returns to England, to be auctioned next month. It is to be hoped it will stay here.

The book is bound in brown calf and embellished with a Tudor rose, a crown, and the initials E. R. It contains the Queen's favourite speeches in Latin by Isocrates the Greek.

All the legends about Isocrates help us to understand how his qualities would attract the lion-hearted Queen. During the reign of the Thirty Tyrants Critias denounced Theramenes, and Isocrates was the only man brave enough to beg for his life. When he lost his fortune he opened a school, which became famous, but he only took fees from aliens, and taught his fellow Athenians for nothing. He was no dreamer, but wrote in stirring terms about the questions of the hour and the burning need of Greece to unite under one leader to defeat poverty, class hatred, civil war, and the menace of Asia.

His hopes were crushed when the Battle of Chaeronea laid Greece at the

feet of Philip of Macedon, and he died four days later, some say because he refused to eat, and others because the shock killed him. Milton believed this:

*As that dishonest victory  
At Chaeronea, fatal to liberty,  
Killed with report the old man eloquent.*

Such patriotism went straight to the heart of the Queen who faced the Armada. Isocrates was born in 436 B.C., and Elizabeth in 1533, but they were kindred spirits. It would be pleasant if the book she loved were to stay for ever in the country she loved.

## Swinging High, Swinging Low



## The Windmill on Wimbledon Common



## DEVON SETS A HIGH EXAMPLE

### The Charm of the Little Roads

The County of Devon is resolved to do all it can to preserve the beauty for which it is famous.

The local authorities have eagerly taken advantage of the clause in the Ribbon Development Act which gives them power to control speculative building on the smaller roads, and restrictions have already been placed on 3000 miles of byways. The next biggest county mileage thus restricted is in Surrey with 1700 miles, while Wiltshire comes third with 1600 miles.

In many of our counties no action has been taken. Derbyshire and Westmorland both appear to have failed to realise how useful this clause in the Act is for the preservation of the beauty of our towns and villages.

### THE DROWNING SHEEP

At Hope in Derbyshire the other day two policemen rescued a drowning sheep, one plunging into the water and swimming 25 yards till he could guide the sheep to the river bank, the other helping to drag it to safety.



## THE VICTORY OF THE AIRSHIP Hindenburg's Great Achievement

A New York reader of the C.N. asks if we realise the tremendous achievement of the Hindenburg during the summer season of 1936.

This wonderful ship has made many crossings of the Atlantic in under three days, successfully, punctually, and without an accident. Although the Queen Mary, the Normandie, and some of the fastest German and Italian liners cross the 3000 miles of ocean in something between four and six days, this graceful airship has sailed the sky time after time, and has established an ocean service which seems in these days of miracles to have fallen very flat!

It comes to the lot of many Englishmen to be destined, for business reasons, to live in America for a few years, and the thought that in a family emergency they could return to relatives or friends in just over two days is a very great consolation. No doubt in 1938 aeroplanes will cross the Atlantic in 36 hours or less; but let us not forget the splendid achievement of these Zeppelins, which seems to have been overlooked in an age of almost stupefying progress.

## THE WIFE WAS IN THE GARDEN

### Hanging Out the Clothes

The maid who was in the garden hanging out the clothes could not have been more startled by the unexpected than Mrs Armstrong of Irving, in Scotland, the other day.

While she was hanging out the linen the ground gave way beneath her feet. She might have disappeared with it but had the presence of mind to clutch on to the clothes-line, and hung in the air.

It was fortunate that it was washing day, for most of her neighbours were in their gardens too, and they soon rescued their friend from her perilous position.

*It was found that the surface covering of an old well had collapsed.*

## MUSIC, MAGGOTS, AND COCKROACHES

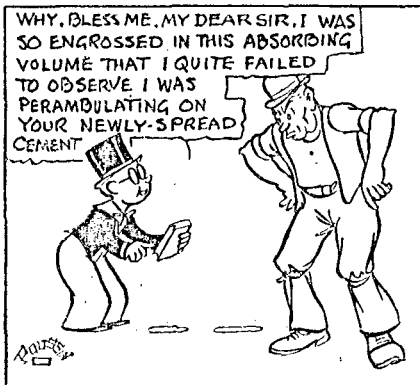
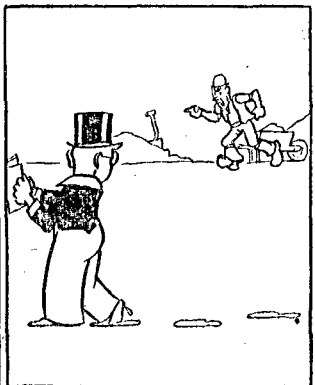
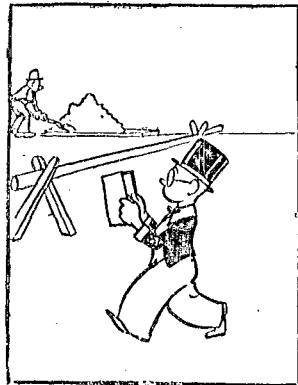
There is no end to the astonishing discoveries scientists are making. As we read in last week's C.N., they tell us now that jazz music is more than maggots can stand, and that one type which preys on silkworms commits suicide by burying itself in the silkworm and dying a musical death. We can well believe it.

Meanwhile two Cambridge scientists have been experimenting with cockroaches, and have discovered that the range of musical sounds they can hear exceeds ours.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Chacronca . . . . .	Keer-o-nee-ah
Isocrates . . . . .	I-sok-rah-teez
Kauri . . . . .	Kah-oo-ree
Theramenes . . . . .	Ther-am-en-eez
Whampoa . . . . .	Hwahm-po-ah

## A Few Words From Theophilus



## NEW SORT OF GOLD STANDARD Is it on the Way?

The Midland Bank, while not agreeing with the American Treasury that "a new type of gold standard" has been set up by the recent currency agreement between Britain, France, and America, thinks a step forward has been made.

By the present arrangement each of the three nations gives the others full right to convert their holdings of its currency into gold. This does not set up a gold standard, but amounts to an excellent aid in regulating the exchange rates of the three nations.

A real gold standard is a different thing. It means fixing the value of gold in terms of the currency of each nation adopting the standard, and freedom of transfer of gold from one to the other.

The present position is that every country in the world has virtually abandoned the gold standard.

## NICHOLAS AND HIS WIFE

Nicholas Gibson and his wife, who lived in Henry the Eighth's day, loved children but had none of their own.

Out of their love came a school founded in 1536, and built near the Thames at Ratchiff. Once there were only five scholars; today in the fine buildings at Stepney there are over 500 boys, and every year senior scholars go on to the universities.

Known as the Coopers Company School, because Nicholas Gibson left his property to the Company and entrusted the care of the school to them, it has been celebrating its 400th year.

We think it would have made glad the hearts of Nicholas and his wife could they have known the splendid youth their school was to give England for so long.

## THE LOVELIEST MUSIC IN THE WORLD

The Children's Treasury of Beautiful Music, edited by Sir Granville Bantock, has been designed to bring the best-loved compositions of the master musicians beneath the touch of little hands.

Every piece has been simplified for that purpose, but the beauty has not been lost for experts have done the work.

Published weekly at sevenpence, this treasure house of melody contains seven pieces in each part, five for the piano-forte, one for the violin and piano, and a song.

Here will be found the favourite works of Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and all the great musicians.

Part One is now on sale at all newsagents.

## TWO MEN AND A DOG

After falling 100 feet and lying on a small ledge for three days an Alsatian has been rescued at Avon Gorge. The owner and an inspector of the R.S.P.C.A. were lowered down the cliff; and, after fastening round the dog a rescue jacket made from an old sack, all three were safely hauled up.

## SCRAPING A HEART One More Miracle in a Hospital

A marvellous operation has been performed in the Royal Chest Hospital, London.

For four years a young man named William Harley has been an invalid because layers of calcium were forming on the membrane covering his heart and constricting the great veins running into it.

At last the surgeons decided that they would try to scrape these deposits away. His chest was opened, and the scraping was done. A blood donor stood by, ready in case a transfusion was needed, but all went well. The patient must spend several days in an oxygen tent, and he will probably leave the hospital about six weeks after the operation.

While this miracle of science was being performed to save life and health, only a few hours away, as the aeroplane flies, bombs were being dropped on an open city.

Progress is a word that needs careful handling.

## THE WATCHMAN'S BOX

An old watchman's box, one of the very small number surviving in London, can be seen between the gates of two houses in Clapham Road, where it is used as a pier.

An effort is being made to preserve this relic of London's bygone days, when between 20 or 30 boxes were used by night watchmen employed to patrol the streets of Clapham and part of Lambeth.

The watchman, known as a Charlie, used to shelter in these stone "boxes," but when night policemen were introduced in 1830 they disappeared from London life.

## THE OLD SCHOOL

Blackheath Proprietary School has been closed for nearly 30 years, but some of its famous old boys have been meeting at a reunion dinner.

They are proud that their vanished school produced a Chancellor of the Exchequer, an ambassador, a governor of the Punjab, and a tutor to King George the Fifth; and among those who met at the school's reunion were three bishops, a chairman of the Imperial Economic Committee, a president of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers, and the headmaster of Wellington.

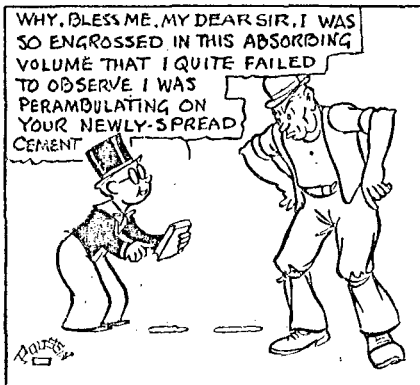
## 120 ROAD TOLLS

It is surprising to learn that there still exist in our land 120 roads where tolls have to be paid.

The Minister of Transport has actively worked to secure the freedom of all roads, and has offered a 60 per cent grant to local authorities who will buy that freedom from private road owners.

It seems that the remaining tolls are so remunerative that the landowners ask heavy prices for redemption. The recent freeing of the road from Cardiff to Penarth cost £22,000.

## A Concrete Excuse



## THE BEST THING ABOUT A BOOK Remembering the Forgotten

Ackworth School near Pontefract has a new library with accommodation for 5000 books.

Opened by Lady Sadler, wife of Sir Michael Sadler, the library has been built and furnished at a cost of £3000, and is now a proud possession of this famous Quaker school which has the names of John Bright, Sir James Reckitt, and William Howitt on its roll of honour.

Lady Sadler recalled that as one of the smallest girls in the school she was present at the opening of the old Centre Library in 1879; and Sir Michael said:

*A book is not an individual possession only. Just as the most precious thing about the inner life of a school is the spirit of unselfishness, the most creative thing about a library comes from the unselfishness of generations of forgotten scholars who helped others without counting the cost.*

## UNDER THE CHURCH

### What Roman London Was Like

A fine model of Roman London is being shown in the undercroft of the church of All Hallows, Barking.

There are about 800 houses, and two strong ox-carts are seen crossing a bridge over the Thames, which was made of oak-piling of Roman days dug up in Thames Street. This is probably what the first London Bridge looked like, for Caesar's description of the bridge across the Rhine was used in the design.

No better place could be chosen for housing the model, as remains of Roman London, such as lamps, cooking pots, and drinking vessels, have been dug up beneath the church vault.

## LABOUR ARMY TO THE RESCUE

The late harvest in Germany having made it difficult for the farmers to get in their crops, the Nazi Labour Corps, consisting of youths conscripted for work, has been dispatched to the fields to save potatoes and vegetables that otherwise might be wasted.

The number of youths so employed is given as 250,000, and it is hoped that they will soon solve the difficulty.

It should be understood that this Labour Corps is drawn from all classes, gentle and simple serving together, and it is claimed that honest work with a spade is eliminating class distinction.

## A CHILD IN NEPAL AND A DOOR IN OXFORD

Because a child was cured of infantile paralysis in the Himalayan kingdom of Nepal, a fresh door has opened to all children suffering from this disease.

The door is to a new ward in the Wingfield Morris Orthopaedic Hospital at Oxford, a children's ward given by General Krishna Shumshere Jung, Nepalese Minister in London, for it was his little daughter in Nepal that Mr G. R. Girdlestone, the hospital's honorary surgeon, travelled thousands of miles to save.

## A SMOKELESS TOWN

A new town is to rise on the outskirts of Liverpool.

It is to have 5000 houses built at a cost of over two million pounds; and sites are to be left for three churches, a cinema, seven schools, two shopping centres, and a recreation ground.

It is suggested that the town shall be encircled by a green belt, and that the houses shall be electrically heated so that there will be no smoke haze to interfere with the Speke aerodrome close by.



## FRAGMENTS FROM FAR-DISTANT SPACE

Where To Look For the Leonid Meteors

### MIRA'S OUTBURST DYING DOWN

By the CN Astronomer

The absence of the Moon from the night sky during next week should make it possible to see a few Leonid meteors flash across the heavens.

The nights from Sunday, November 15, to November 17 are those most likely to reward observers. The meteors should be looked for low in the east and north-east sky after 10 o'clock; the later they are sought, the more are likely to be seen, particularly between 4 and 5 o'clock, when the constellation of Leo, and the point from which the meteors appear to radiate, is high up in the south.

#### Meeting at 40 Miles a Second

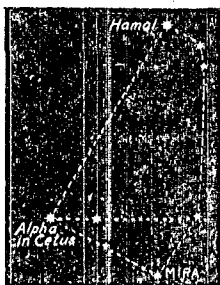
Nevertheless, there is always a fascination if only one of these fragments, associated with the famous Tempel's Comet of 1866, is seen to hurl itself to a speedy destruction in the Earth's atmosphere. This it does at a rate of something like 40 miles a second, which represents the combined speed of our world and the meteor as they approach each other head-on; but, though the meteor when seen is travelling some 80 times faster than a shot from a gun, we are able to see it because it is in a state of brilliant incandescence and is at such a distance—between 70 and 50 miles, as a rule; larger specimens approach much nearer to the Earth's surface before being entirely consumed.

The fact that these Leonid meteors were some distance beyond the orbit of Uranus 16 years ago, and about 1800 million miles away, gives them an additional interest when we see one only 50 miles above us, and still more when we see one as a meteorite in one of our museums. During these 16 years they have been travelling with ever-increasing speed toward the Sun and the Earth, ultimately in some cases to become part of our world.

The wonderful and mysterious Mira, described in the CN for October 17, has provided another celestial entertainment this autumn, for its conflagration has reached colossal dimensions. From an invisible 9th-magnitude star it has within five months risen to between 3rd and 2nd magnitude. In those remote depths of space 959,760,000 million miles away this terrific cataclysm of fire has progressed until that magnificent sun has increased its output of light and heat some 8000 times.

What scenes of fiery tumult might have been witnessed were our world as near, say, as the great bluish "companion" of Mira. Though this is at the safe distance of some 6000 million miles from Mira, and more than twice as far as Neptune from our Sun, yet the immensity of Mira would provide a grand spectacle. During five months we should have seen it growing in brilliance and literally expanding into dimensions some 300 times wider than our Sun. We know what a grand spectacle is presented by the flames which encircle and envelop our quiescent little Sun at times when observed spectroscopically; what must be those of Mira by comparison?

It will be interesting to observe, during the coming weeks, the gradual dying down of this glorious scene. The great mystery of it is that in eleven months' time we shall have another splendid outburst of Mira. G. F. M.



An easy method of finding Mira in the south-east sky

## OUR DAILY BREAD

We cannot think of it without remembering that we owe it to the miller and the farmer.

*Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,  
And back of the flour the mill,  
And back of the mill is the wheat and the shower*

*And the sun and the Father's will.*

The beginning of the loaf is the plough. The patient earth is never hurried, and seedtime and harvest must have their months of sun and rain before the wheat is gathered into barns, the flour brought from the mill, and the golden loaf set before us on the table.

#### What Aristophanes Said

The world's wheat harvests never fail. Crops may be ruined in one area, but they will be abundant in another. It has always been so. How long it is since the first head of wheat was pounded into flour, and the first cake baked on hot stones, no one knows. As far back as the days of Ancient Greece a countryman is said to have asked Aristophanes if he might hope to reap a good harvest, receiving the reply: "If indeed the ground has become wet as much as is sufficient, and shall not produce any flowers turning to wood; and if the frost shall not break the furrow, nor the top of the rising sheaf be rubbed by a hailstorm, nor fawns consume the crops, I foretell a good harvest. Fear the locusts alone."

#### A Handful of Wheat

All down the years the harvest has appeared in spite of much that has threatened it, and, the world round, there might always have been bread and to spare if men had learnt wisdom and understanding.

Today there are millions eating bread without scarceness because an English labourer planted a grain of wheat he found in his boot, and in Canada are vast areas of wheat producing millions of bushels every harvest, all from a Scottish bonnet. We are told a man in Scotland sent a bonnet to a friend in Ontario, and that before packing it off he put a handful of wheat in it. The handful was sown, but only three heads were matured. It is from them that the Dominion is today harvesting thousands of tons of Red Fife.

#### The Staff of Life

From the wheat comes the bread found in the poorest house and on the rich man's table. Satisfying and body building, bread is eaten by the king and the farmer who has helped to grow it, by the poet and the prisoner in his cell. We speak of it as the staff of life; and we use the word bread in our everyday speech, "Better half a loaf than no bread"; and many of us quote Swift without knowing it when we say, "I won't quarrel with my bread and butter." John Heywood, the friend of Sir Thomas More, gave us the familiar saying, "I know on which side my bread is buttered."

It was Jesus (who taught us to pray for our daily bread) who said, "Man doth not live by bread alone." Is it not significant that He was known to the two at Emmaus in the breaking of bread; and that of all solemn feasts the most solemn is the Sacrament at which this common food is administered in the name of One who said, "Do this in remembrance of Me"?

## HE PAINTED BEFORE HE COULD READ

Sir David Wilkie

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY IF IT IS NEXT WEEK

Nov. 15. Kepler the astronomer died, Ratisbon 1630  
16. Henry III died at Westminster . . . 1272  
17. Mary, Queen of England, died . . . 1558  
18. Sir David Wilkie born at Culter . . . 1785  
19. President Garfield born at Orange, Ohio 1831  
20. Thomas Chatterton, poet, born at Bristol 1752  
21. Sir Thomas Gresham died in London 1579

SIR DAVID WILKIE, one of the most faithful painters of Scottish life, was a minister's son who began to paint before he could read, and would rather draw pictures of his schoolfellows than play with them.

By the time he was 19 he had attracted such attention by his paintings of village scenes that he felt justified in going to London to find wider fame, and when he was 25 he had so far won it that he was elected a member of the Royal Academy.

Wilkie was a great worker in spite of ill-health, and though often obliged to rest and travel produced many pictures, which now are scattered over the world's galleries as specimens of the most characteristic art of Scotland.

Coming home from the Mediterranean, he died, and was buried at sea. Though he was plain and awkward, no man who ever wielded a painter's brush was more respected for sterling character.



## GOOD NEWS

### A New Factories Bill

The Home Secretary has definitely promised to introduce a new Factories Bill into Parliament next year. This is good news, for so much of existing legislation is out of date.

The revival of trade has accentuated the need for new legislation. When the law allows a 60-hour week plus overtime many employers feel that they must take advantage of it to get work done. Too long hours sometimes come to be worked by the least fit. The best workers tend to go to the best employers, and the weakest are left to drift to the jobs with longest hours and the least satisfactory conditions of labour.

A Committee has been formed to watch the progress of the new measure and to press in advance for better conditions of work and safety. It is hoped the Home Office will drastically limit the hours of work for women and young people; and it is also urged that the age of entry into factories and workshops should be fifteen.

## 25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of November 1911

**The Foal That Knew Its Mother.** A Welsh judge has just had to decide which of two ponies was the mother of a foal. There were two ponies on a Welsh mountain belonging to different owners. Each had a little foal, but when the owners went they found that one foal was dead, and both the ponies were acting as mother to the little one that lived. The two men quarrelled as to whom the living foal belonged.

One of the men took his pony away, and the foal with it. But the other man went down to the farm leading his pony. There was the foal, with the second pony, in the farmyard. As soon as it saw the other pony the foal neighed, ran up, and tried to get to it, while the other pony took no notice of it.

The judge himself did not know to which of the ponies the foal really belonged, but he thought the foal knew its mother, so he ordered the man who had taken it to pay the other its value.

## SCHOLAR AND HERO THROUGH SCORN AND RIDICULE TO FAME

Give Thanks This Week For a Great and Noble Man

### CHARLES SIMEON OF THE C M S

Let us give thanks for Charles Simeon of the C M S.

In the lovely chapel of King's College, Cambridge, where he rests from his labours; in the church of Holy Trinity, where he ministered for over 50 years; and in every station in the world where the preachers and teachers of the Church Missionary Society proclaim the Gospel, thanks are being offered up this week for the life of Charles Simeon.

When they buried him a hundred years ago all Cambridge, town and gown, mourned for his loss, shops were closed, lectures abandoned, and 1500 gownsmen, the heads of all the colleges, whatever their ages or opinions, and the men, women, and children of his parish, filled to overflowing one of the grandest shrines in our land.

#### Insulted and Reviled

What a tremendous contrast this solemn scene was to the scenes in church and street 50 years before, when Charles Simeon was insulted and reviled by idle undergraduates and scorned and persecuted by their seniors. Yet he converted Cambridge by the moral force of his preaching and by his devotion to its people. When Dr Corrie went to Cambridge as Master of Jesus College he enquired where he would find Simeon. "Either in the stable with his horses or by the sick beds of his parishioners," was the reply.

When he went to Cambridge he found that confirmation was an excuse for a noisy holiday, while drunkenness prevailed all through the university.

He came upon the saintly old parson Henry Venn in the secluded parish of Yelling, and, learning to love him, he decided to carry on his work. In 1782 he became a Fellow of King's and a curate of St Edward's Church, where his earnest sermons were a rousing challenge to the impiety of the town.

#### Pews Were Locked

Next year his father obtained for him the living of Holy Trinity. There was an immediate outcry. Zeal and youth were not needed in this sedate church, it was said. The parishioners locked the doors of their pews and stayed away, coarse abuse was hurled at Simeon as he entered the church; he was called a hypocrite, and the few who had learned to love him were dubbed Simeonites.

His sincerity and earnestness, however, slowly won through, and, the pews still being kept locked, young undergraduates would stand down the aisles. In later years a gallery was built for them.

At conversation parties in his college rooms Simeon influenced the lives of many who carried on the torch he had lit, and so influential a figure did he become that to this day Cambridge is the training ground of the broad-minded churchman. The East India Company went to him for their chaplains.

#### Evangelical Leader

At the close of the century Simeon helped to form the Church Missionary Society and brought the Church of England into closer touch with the Bible Society. He helped to found those Trusts for acquiring livings in which evangelical teaching could become a tradition, and long before he died he was the acknowledged leader of the evangelical branch of the Church.

Like the forms of its worship, the life of this leader was devoid of much that strikes the outward eye, but his influence has never waned and the torch he lighted has never dimmed.

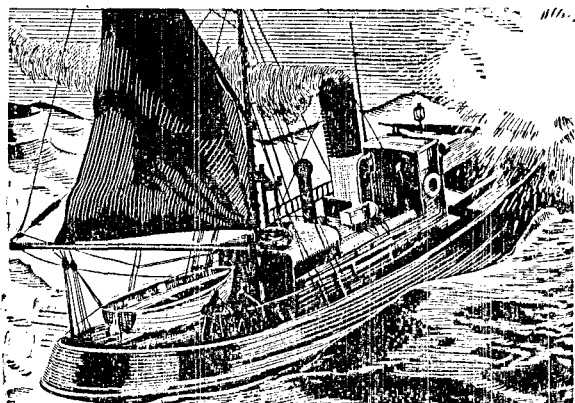


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## 1936—SILVER JUBILEE YEAR

OF

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St. Col. and Mrs. Cook (in memory of Diana) ... 2 2 0	Goudens Library ... 1 0	Major C. E. S. Phillips ... 1 1 0	Anonymous ... 5 0 0
Mrs. Marshall ... 1 1 0	Christ Church, Iorram Road, Sussex ... 8 7		

## A FOX DRAMA Mother Love and Cupboard Love

Stories of English foxes having recently been broadcast, one of our readers tells us that he had experience of a fox drama quite eclipsing any that have come over the wireless.

He went one day years ago to see German Shepherd, huntsman of the hounds kept at Gedling, Notts, by the late Lord Harrington. A fox cub had been captured and was being brought up as a pet, its home a warm shed near the kennels of the hounds, of which the little creature had no fear.

During the night preceding our reader's visit there had been a great uproar among the kennelled hounds, and in the morning evidences were found that it had been caused by a visit from a fox, which had tracked her cub to the place in which it was confined and had tried to scratch a way into it.

Needless to say, she knew that behind the bars of the enclosures in which they were kept were dozens of hounds which would have torn her to pieces could they have got at her, yet she braved the terrors they must have inspired.

She failed to redeem the cub, but she succeeded in another respect. Before leaving she entered the huntsman's poultry run, and departed (a little consoled, it may be supposed) with one of his best hens in her possession.

## AFTER 300 YEARS

### Everything is Settled at Last

A 300-year-old lawsuit has at last been settled in France.

In 1603, when Henry of Navarre ruled in France and declared that his one wish was that every French peasant should have a chicken in the pot on Sundays, a dispute arose between the villages of Beaufort and Les Chapelles, near Lyons.

Between them lay the hill of Mont Treicel, and each claimed it. They went to law. Henry the Fourth, remembered from a line of English poetry, "The white plume of Navarre," was gathered to his fathers. The war of Huguenots and Roman Catholics was ended. The lawsuit between the villages went on.

It went on through the reigns of all the kings named Louis; it was still proceeding during the French Revolution; and Napoleon did nothing to decide it. Now after another century it has been settled.

It is settled much as it began. The hill of Mont Treicel belongs now to both the disputants. Mont Treicel's ownership has been decided by arbitration. Beaufort may have it, but Les Chapelles may enjoy whatever rights they have acquired on it during thirty generations of father and son.

So nobody is a penny the better or a penny the worse—except the lawyers.

## TO BE A CITIZEN IN GERMANY

Every citizen of the new Reich must be in possession of four certificates.

The first is the certificate of occupation, to be shown duly filled in whenever he seeks the smallest job.

The second is his certificate of health, recording the ups and downs of his physical well-being.

The third is his family certificate, stating the purity or otherwise of his Aryan family history.

The fourth is concerned with his military service.

There are many other certificates which bring joy to the hearts of innumerable inspectors and supervisors.

A young German lad may love to carry all these about with him, but how a German maiden manages to carry them about is beyond our understanding.

## THE OLD SAILOR AND HIS PENCIL

### A Ship Comes Off the End of It

An old sailor who has never had a drawing lesson has been showing his drawings in an art gallery in the West End. He is Nicholas Cavanagh of Canning Town.

At the age of ten he had to earn his living. He loved ships and the sea, and tried to get to sea as a stowaway. Several times he was put ashore at the first possible port, and he had many long walks home after these attempts; but at last he stowed away successfully on a ship for New York, and after that went all over the world as a deck hand.

Now he is well over sixty, and sits all day drawing in the spare bedroom he calls his studio. He generally draws the tall sailing ships of his youthful days at sea.

If he is sitting talking to someone, and scribbling away on a bit of paper, he says it's ten to one that a ship will come off the end of his pencil.

Mr Cavanagh does all his fine work with pencils, plain and coloured, for he cannot afford expensive materials. When he joined an art club in Canning Town his work attracted the attention of a group of artists, and they arranged that his drawings should be exhibited.

His wife used to call his drawings "old tosh," he will tell you, and then he will add: "But now she's beginning to think there must be something in them; though, mind you, practically speaking, I don't know anything about art. All I know about is ships, and what I know about I can draw."

He was scribbling as he spoke, and, sure enough, a ship came off the end of his pencil.

## SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Winter is the time when evergreens are most in evidence, and listeners to Mr Gaddum's talk on Tuesday will learn how they differ from other plants and trees and how they withstand severe winter weather.

Wednesday's World History broadcast will tell one of the most romantic stories in the world, that of the building of the Great Wall of China over two thousand years ago.

### England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 The Plant as a Storehouse: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Junior Music—Notes of the Scale: by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 11.30 Unemployment: by John Hilton. 2.5 Evergreens: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Poetry Programme—Ballads: by Marjorie Barber. 3.0 Concert Lesson by Thomas Armstrong—The Art of Haydn: Symphonies.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 The Great Wall of China: by J. G. Bower. 2.30 Man the Experimenter: by A. D. Peacock.

THURSDAY, 11.30 The Cordillera Region: by G. B. Barbour. 2.5 The Story of the Road: by G. M. Bounphrey. 2.30 Peasants and Their Wages: by Wray Hunt.

FRIDAY, 2.5 On an Afrikaans Farm: by Gideon Roos. 2.30 Topical Talk. 3.0 A Play from A. A. Milne's Toad of Toad Hall. 3.20 Music Interlude under the direction of Scott Goddard. 3.35 Poetic Drama: by T. S. Eliot.

### Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.5 England's Workshops—The Leicester Bootmakers: by A. W. McPherson. 2.30 English Literature—Books You Will Like.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Scotland's Workshops—From Field to Factory: by H. Hamilton.

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 As National. 3.0 Orchestral Concert.

THURSDAY, 2.5 News Review. 2.30 Time and Tune—ear tests: by Herbert Wiseman. 3.0 Scottish History—The Queen from England (Interlude): by Christine Orr.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Speech Training—Round Sounds: by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Concert—Miniatures in Music: 3.10 Nature Study—Winter on Hillside and Seashore: by James Ritchie.



# THE SIDE LINE

## A Railway Mystery

### By Harold Avery

#### CHAPTER 1

##### Right Away!

JOYCE DRAYTON glanced up and down the platform on which she and her brother were standing.

"This place always seems to me more like a toy than a real station," she said.

"Yes," said Hugh. "You might think some rich man had made this railway for his own amusement. It's the sort of thing I should like to do, if I had the money. But where can Jack have got to, I'd like to know."

For ten minutes the two Draytons had been waiting for their cousin, Jack Blake. He had said they would find him at the station, but no sign of him was to be seen.

"I keep wondering what he meant in his last letter, when he wrote to say he had been making something that would give us a big surprise," said Joyce. "I believe Uncle Peter knows what it is, but Jack must have told him it was a secret."

There was another thing which had puzzled Hugh and Joyce. A year ago, when they had come to visit Uncle Peter, he had met them at Roxford Junction, where they had changed into a funny little train which had carried them to Gratton, the second station on the branch line running between Roxford and Wedmouth, a small town on the coast. They had enjoyed travelling on what they had called the Baby Line, with its single track and narrow gauge of two feet; and it had been a disappointment to them the previous evening when, on meeting him at the Junction, Uncle Peter had told them he had brought his car, and that the rest of the journey to Norcott Farm would be made by road.

"You might think it was the middle of the night, and that everybody was fast asleep," said Hugh.

For the first time Joyce realised that the station seemed strangely quiet; the stillness was almost uncanny. There was no sound of milk pails or luggage barrows being trundled about; the booking-office through which they had passed was unoccupied; there was no sign of life anywhere.

"I wonder what would happen if a train came along," laughed Joyce. "I suppose someone would pop out from somewhere to take the tickets."

With a grunt Hugh turned and stepped back into the booking-office. The shutter of the pigeon-hole where tickets were taken was closed, and no sound came from the other side. On a window-ledge lay a timetable, which on closer inspection was seen to have a thick coating of dust on its cover.

"They don't seem to trouble about keeping this place clean," Hugh muttered. "I should say it hadn't been swept out for days."

He began to wonder why Jack had arranged to meet his cousins at the station. They were certainly not there to start on a journey, and Hugh fancied they were going to watch a train pass through on its way to or from Wedmouth. But no train could be due or the ticket-office would be open, and there would surely be a porter waiting on the platform. Hugh strolled back to where his sister was standing.

"If he doesn't come soon I vote we go back to the farm," he said.

The words had hardly been spoken when there was a patter of running feet, and a boy about a year older than Hugh appeared on the platform.

"Sorry I've kept you waiting," he cried. "I had to go to Mr Farlow's to get something I'd forgotten."

"Look here," began Joyce, seizing her cousin's arm as he came to a halt; "you said in your letter that you were going to give us a surprise. Well, where is it?"

"Here," replied Jack, laughing. "Hugh has always been keen on clockwork trains, I thought he'd like to have a real railway to play about with."

"What do you mean?" cried Hugh and Joyce in the same breath.

"Just what I say; here's one of your stations, and, so long as you don't damage anything, you can do what you like."

Jack strode off along the platform and, pulling an iron lever, lowered a signal, the post of which rose beside the line.

"Don't do that!" cried Joyce. "You know you ought not to meddle with signals. There may be a train coming."

Jack raised the signal with another pull at the lever, then went back to his cousins with a broad grin on his face.

"You needn't worry," he said. "There'll be no more trains come this way, simply because the line's closed. Before very long it's going to be put up for auction and sold."

"Why?" asked Hugh, with a look of blank amazement.

"For some time past the line hasn't paid, so now it is to be shut down. I made Father promise not to tell you, I wanted it to be a surprise. You've always been so fond of trains I thought you'd like to play with a real railway. Mr Farlow, who lives in the village, and who used to be the station-master, says we may come here, and has lent me the key of the booking-office. We can go as far as we like along the line."

"How simply marvellous!" exclaimed Hugh. "Bags I to be station-master. The only thing we want now is a train. We ought to look round and see if we can't find one of those little tank engines, and some coal to get up steam."

"You won't get me to ride on a real engine with you boys driving," declared Joyce. "It would run away with you, or else the boiler would burst."

"We won't have any explosions," chuckled Jack. "I've got something else to show you. Come along."

He led the way off the platform to a little siding, where stood a shed into which a goods van or truck could be shunted, to be unloaded. On the metals stood something hidden under an old tarpaulin.

"There you are!" cried Jack, as he pulled away the covering. "That's our train."

For a moment Hugh and Joyce thought he was joking. What they saw looked like a small wooden raft mounted on wheels, and on which were two short benches, evidently meant to serve as seats. On either side of the front seat was a long iron handle, very like those used on an old-fashioned horse-drawn carriage for putting on the brake.

"I couldn't have made it without the help of Joe Perth," said Jack. "He works for old Groves, the blacksmith. Joe's a clever chap. He ought some day to make a name for himself as an engineer. The wheels were from an old plate-layer's trolley, and he fitted them with cranks so that you can make them turn by moving those handles backwards and forwards. We thought we ought to give it a name, so we christened it the Gratton Flyer. Hop on and I'll show you how it works."

The two boys scrambled on to the front seat, while Joyce perched herself on the one behind. An effort was needed to move the Flyer, but when once started it was easy to keep going. The pace could hardly be compared with that of a train; indeed, anyone could have travelled a good bit faster on an ordinary pedal cycle; but the fact of being on a real railway made the experience both novel and exciting.

"What a lark!" laughed Hugh. "Send her along!"

#### CHAPTER 2

##### In the Tunnel

THE station was soon left behind, and now they were in open country with green meadows on either side of the line. Jack turned and spoke to Joyce over his shoulder. "Are you comfortable?" he asked.

"Yes, thanks. I think I should want a rug if it were a cold day. It's a bit draughty in this carriage."

"If we had time," began Jack, "I should make this thing into a sort of caravan with sides and a roof, and that's what I'll do if the railway isn't sold before Christmas. Then you two can come again, and we might have a chance to go skating on the lake at Hanley Park."

"If you turn the Flyer into a caravan it'll be too heavy to move," said Hugh.

"I should get Joe Perth to rig up an engine of some kind. We might be able to use the engine of an old motor-bike, if we could come across one going cheap. Then we could scoot down to Wedmouth of a morning, have a bathe in the sea, and be back in time for breakfast."

"You won't get me to go bathing in the middle of winter," laughed Joyce.

On they went, trundling over a bridge which spanned a stream, and a short time later passing through a cutting, the high banks of which were covered with grass and gorse bushes. Half a mile farther on the track passed through a wood, and here it was that a thing happened which, though it seemed of no importance at the time, might afterwards have been looked back upon as the first hint of the strange and startling events the future had in store.

"Hullo!" muttered Jack. "That's funny."

As he spoke he ceased working his lever, and Hugh did the same; the Flyer slowed down and came to a stop.

"What's the matter?" asked Hugh.

"That door's open," replied Jack, pointing to a little plate-layer's hut, built of

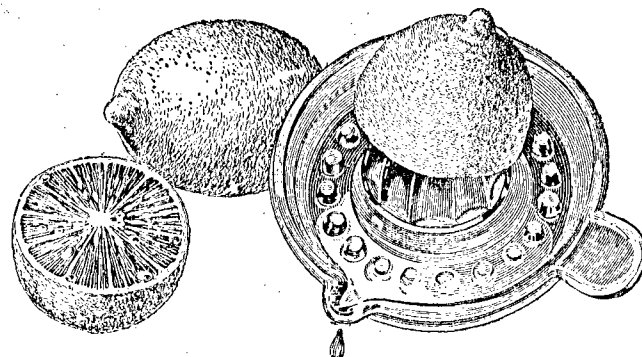
Continued on the next page

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A PENNY...



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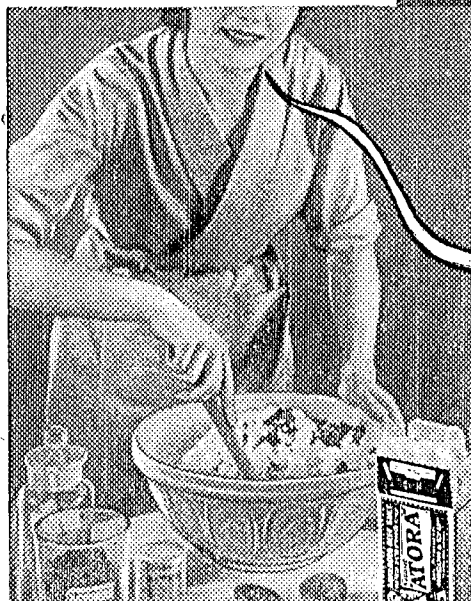


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FLAVOURS NEED  
TO BLEND AND MATURE,  
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BECAUSE I KNOW  
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$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Self-raising Flour, or  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Flour and 2 teaspoons Baking Powder.  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Shredded 'Atora.'  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Currants. 2 lb.  
Raisins. 1 lb. Sultanas.  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Candied Peel.  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Sugar. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds. Rind  
and juice of 1 Lemon. 6 Eggs. 1 lb. Bread-  
crumbs.  $\frac{1}{2}$  Nutmeg. 1 eggspoon Salt. Milk  
—sufficient to make right consistency.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the  
dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop  
almonds, add eggs, well beaten, grated rind  
of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all  
thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins,  
cover with greased paper and steam 6 hours.  
Sufficient for 4 puddings.

## MINCEMEAT

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants. 1 lb.  
chopped Apples. 1 lb. Brown Sugar. 1 lb.  
chopped Raisins.  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Citron Peel.  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb.  
Candied Orange Peel. 1 Lemon.  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb.  
Candied Lemon Peel.  $\frac{1}{2}$  Nutmeg, grated.  
2 oz. Sweet Almonds, blanched and chopped.  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Salt. 1 lb. chopped Sultanas.

Dry the sultanas and currants after  
washing, mix all dry ingredients together  
after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind  
and strained juice of lemon. Mix all  
thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through  
small mincing machine instead of being  
chopped.)

These recipes are  
from the 'Atora' book  
of 100 tested recipes.  
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Manchester, 11.

Hugon's  
**ATORA**  
THE GOOD BEEF SUET

Continued from page 13

tarred sleepers, which stood on the grass  
border a few feet back from the line. "It  
wasn't like that yesterday when I came  
along here with Joe for a trial trip. Some-  
one must have been here since; maybe he's  
there now. I'll just have a look."

He dismounted from the Flyer; and so  
did Hugh and Joyce, who were curious to  
see what the hut was like inside. It had no  
window, but enough light came through the  
open door to show that the place was empty.  
Opposite the door was a roughly-made brick  
fireplace, the chimney of which ended in a  
drain pipe which stuck out through the roof.

"Looks as if someone had come in here  
to have a smoke," said Hugh, pointing to  
cigarette ends which lay on the earth floor.

"There was a heavy fall of rain yesterday  
just before Father started off to meet you  
with the car," said Jack. "Some chap  
may have dodged in here for shelter."

"I should say he tried to light a fire to  
dry his clothes," said Joyce. "But he had  
nothing to burn but some bits of paper."

From the ashes in the fireplace it seemed  
as if the person who had sheltered in the  
hut had torn up some letters and set them  
alight. Two pieces of paper had escaped the  
fire and had fallen on the ground in  
front of the grate. Hugh picked up one of  
these torn fragments, studied it for a  
moment, then read aloud all that was left  
of two lines of handwriting:

worth taking the risk . . .  
railway very dangerous if . . .

"I hope that doesn't mean our railway,"  
said Joyce.

"Of course not," replied Jack. "What  
danger can there possibly be on a line that's  
no longer in use?"

With a rusty iron bolt, which might once  
have served as a poker, he turned over the  
ashes of burnt paper, and presently found a  
scrap that had not been wholly consumed.

"Bit of an envelope," he muttered. "It's  
a foreign stamp. I can't see what country—  
there isn't enough of it left."

Hugh had a look at the stamp; he thought  
it must be French, though he could not be  
certain. "D'you think that bridge we went  
over just now is safe?" he asked.

"Of course. Why shouldn't it be?"

"I was wondering if there were parts  
of the railway which had become unsafe,  
and that was the reason why it was closed."

"My dear fellow, it was closed because  
it didn't pay," replied Jack. "Besides,

Mr Farlow would have told me if there had  
been anything wrong."

Hugh tossed the scrap of paper into the  
fireplace, feeling that what his cousin said  
was right and that there was no need to  
fear the railway was unsafe. After a parting  
glance round the inside of the hut the three  
young people left it, Jack closing the door  
behind him with a slam.

They boarded the Flyer, and were soon  
trundling along through the wood, with the  
branches of the big trees which grew on  
either side of the track nearly meeting over-  
head. On leaving the wood the line contin-  
ued over a short stretch of open country,  
then entered a cutting which seemed to  
have been driven into the side of a hill.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Joyce. "We're  
coming to a tunnel. We'd better stop."

"Oh, no, we won't," laughed Jack. "It's  
not a long tunnel, and when we get through  
it you'll have a sight of the sea."

"Don't go any farther," the girl pleaded.

"Listen—I'm sure I can hear something."

The Flyer was brought to a stand.

"There—can't you hear it now?" cried  
Joyce.

"My dear girl, it's only the hum of an  
aeroplane," replied Jack. "We should be  
able to see it if we weren't in this cutting."

Not wishing the boys to think she was  
frightened, Joyce said nothing, and the  
Flyer was set in motion again. Nearer  
and nearer came the stone archway, looking  
like the yawning mouth of some cavern.  
As they passed under it Joyce cast a glance  
behind her for a last look at the friendly day-  
light. The air felt cold and clammy, and  
as the darkness deepened the girl wondered  
how an engine-driver and stoker could  
breathe when the place was filled with  
smoke and steam.

"If it's only a short tunnel how is it we  
can't see the opening at the other end?"  
asked Hugh, raising his voice to make  
himself heard above the clank and clatter  
of the Flyer's wheels.

"There's a curve in the line," shouted  
Jack. "We shall come to it in half a  
minute."

All three travellers were peering into the  
gloom ahead. Suddenly there was a faint  
glow in the blackness, and the next instant  
there came into view what looked like a  
round staring eye of yellow light.

"Look!" screamed Joyce. "There's a  
train coming."

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO HEARS BURGLARS

MONKEYVILLE Football Club had  
surpassed itself. It had won the Cup.

Monkeyville was a good fighting team,  
but it was the first time it had won the  
cup, and, as captain, Adolphus had every  
reason to be proud.

At teatime he came home, driving up  
in his smart little sports car, and blowing  
such a blast on his horn that it brought  
the whole family to the door.

"I say, Dad," he called out im-  
portantly, "you might give me a hand.

but no bell rang, and Jacko thought that  
seemed suspicious. After a bit he got up  
and went out into the hall. The next  
minute he came dashing back.

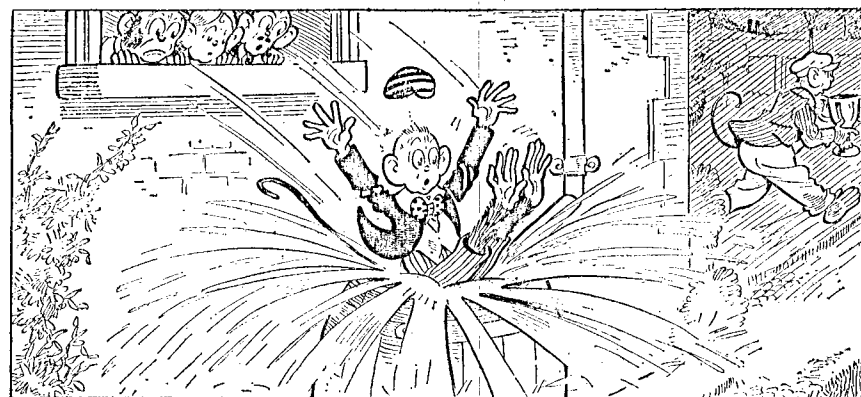
"The cup's gone!" he exclaimed.

"What!" cried Adolphus, starting up  
with horror in his eyes.

"Burglars!" declared Jacko. "I  
knew I heard somebody in the garden."

Going to the window, he pushed up  
the sash noiselessly and peeped out.

The others followed him.



Splash! He was in the rain-water tub

I've brought the cup back; must get it  
engraved with the names of the team,  
you know. Not you—you get out," he  
added, as Jacko dashed forward.

Father Jacko stood on the steps smok-  
ing his pipe, with a smile on his face.  
Adolphus didn't want any assistance. It  
was just "swank," as Jacko said.

His big brother got out, carried the  
cup into the parlour, and set it on the  
table for all the family to admire.

They had barely finished tea when foot-  
steps were heard on the garden-path;

It was dark and rather misty and they  
couldn't see much; but in the gloom  
Jacko got a glimpse of a dim figure.

"There he is!" he cried, leaning out.

He leaned a bit farther. Over he  
went. Splash! The next second he was  
in the rain-water tub.

Mother Jacko opened the door and  
put her head in.

"I hope you don't mind, Adolphus,"  
she said. "Our neighbour has borrowed  
the cup for a few minutes. He wants to  
show it to his wife."





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Edited by Sir Granville Bantock

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Braga



## GOPAK

Moussorgsky



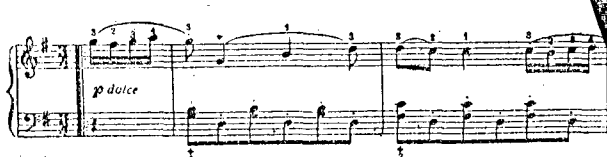
## FLOWER SONG from "FAUST"

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## MINUET

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## LONDONDERRY AIR

Traditional

## SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

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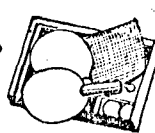
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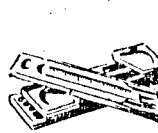
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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 14, 1936

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

## THE BRAN TUB

Charade

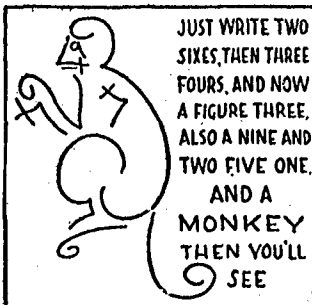
MY first was ne'er against you yet,  
Nor shall with my consent;  
My second to the harp is set,  
Or other instrument.  
My whole the constant hope of all;  
And though possessed by many,  
Ne'er gave upon this earthly ball  
Complete content to any.

Answer next week

### This Week in Nature

AMONG the many birds that come south for the winter is the gannet, or solan goose. It is the largest sea-fowl inhabiting Great Britain throughout the year, but at this season it leaves the northern parts for the coasts of the warmer south. The gannet is often nearly three feet from beak to tail; its plumage is white, but the face and throat are featherless. It lives entirely on fish, and in moments of great hunger will often get caught up in fishing nets as the catch is hauled in.

### Figure This Out



### Rhyming Riddle

WE are four sisters, hard and strong,  
Industrious, active, swift, and long;  
We scorn the valley's humble dell  
And love on shadeless hills to dwell.  
Inconstant as the varying gale,  
In mutual truth we never fail.

Answer next week

### Ici on Parle Français

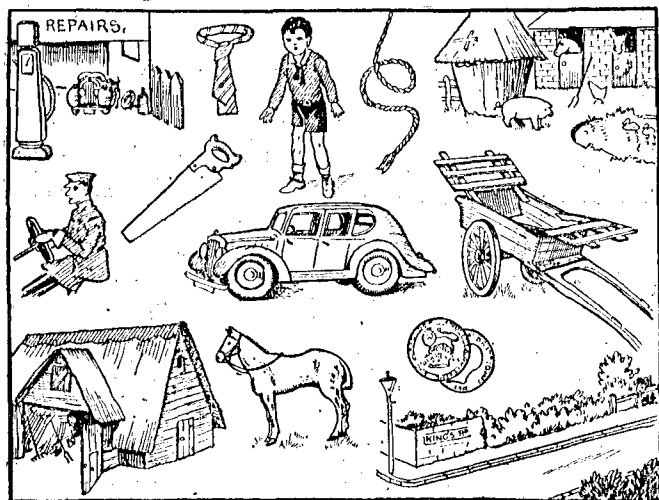


Nous avons trouvé la porte fermée par une forte chaîne. La vieille dame avait peur des cambrioleurs.

We found the door fastened by a strong chain. The old lady was afraid of burglars.

## CAN YOU READ THIS?

Two Prizes of Ten Shillings and Twelve Multiscopes For Clever Girls and Boys



TWO prizes of Ten Shillings each and 12 Multiscopes are offered for the best attempts to complete the little story below, in which a number of blank spaces have been left. The missing words are all represented by the pictures above. For example, there are pictures of a tie and a motor-car, which are printed in italics in the story. Can you fill in the remaining blank spaces? Here is the story:

Tom, a —er's —, was riding the old — — when he —, by the side of the —, a *motor-car*. It would not go, so Tom got a — from the — and tied it to the disabled vehicle, which was soon pulled to a —. The — was very pleased and gave Tom —.

Write out the *complete* story on a postcard, add your name, address, and age, and post it to C.N. Competition No. 13, 1 Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), to arrive not later than first post on Friday, November 20.

In the event of more than 14 correct entries being received, the prizes will be awarded to senders of the neatest and best-written attempts, and age will be taken into consideration. This competition is open to girls and boys of 15 or under, there is no entry fee, and the Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

### A Has Been

TWO rival singers met.  
"Do you know," said one boastfully, "I insured my voice for £25,000?"  
"Is that so?" remarked the other. "And what have you done with the money?"

### Rebus

MY first is an heir;  
My second's a snare;  
My whole is the offspring of fancy,  
Which I sent, out of play,  
On Valentine's Day.  
As a token of fondness for Nancy.

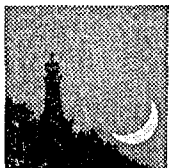
Answer next week

### An Artist's Villa

GUSTAVE DORÉ, the famous French artist, bought a small villa on the outskirts of Paris and named it in musical notation. The notes were Do, Mi, Si, La, Do, Re, pronounced Do me se la do ray, which being interpreted read Domicile à Doré.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus and Jupiter are in the South-West, Saturn is in the South, and Uranus in the South-East. In the morning Mars is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 6 p.m. on Tuesday, November 17.



### A Word Square of Six Letters

A RING; acustoms; roughest; a wrinkle; a tenant; to think highly of.

Answer next week

Those Who Come & Those Who Go  
How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to October 24 are compared with the corresponding weeks last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1936/1935	DEATHS 1936/1935
London	4784/4672	3379/3224
Glasgow	1614/1613	1172/1011
Manchester	930/966	662/642
Belfast	666/639	452/383
Leeds	620/586	452/396
Edinburgh	563/544	424/420
Cardiff	250/284	170/139
Southampton	228/217	150/147
Reading	126/101	107/65
Bath	81/60	75/69
Lincoln	55/60	50/44
Worcester	53/69	55/49

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Jumbled Words. Knife, fork, spoon

Can You Find These Words?

Carthorse, orchestra; garden, gander; slipper, ripples; stream, master; rats, star; organ, groan; lance, clean; loaf, goal; stone, notes.

Word Puzzle. Smart, mart, art, trams. Charade. Worth-less.

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

P	R	E	S	I	D	E	C	O	M	M	A	N	D
R	O	B	I	N	L	E	A	E	A	G	E	R	
I	D	O	L	E	L	A	T	E	M	E	T	E	
M	N	E	S	T	T	A	R	M	S	Y			
S	N	E	C	K	A	R	I	A	K	S			
S	P	A	T	E	N	E	T	P	L	A	I	N	
O	A	R	D	Y	E	O	R	E	P	L	A		
B	R	A	S	S	E	L	M	N	A	T	T	Y	

### Five-Minute Story

#### Two in a Fog

JOHN and Joan, who lived on a farm, were not a bit worried on leaving school, one afternoon, to find that they had to walk home through a thick fog.

"I think fogs would be rather fun if they didn't get down your throat and make you choke," Joan said. "They are rather mysterious."

But the damp, chilly air soon made the children want to hurry home to their tea, so John suggested taking a way across fields and ditches that would cut off a good bit of their two-mile walk.

"I believe we have lost ourselves," said Joan at last. "Every field seems alike in the fog."

John scoffed at the idea of getting lost, although he had to admit that they seemed to have been tramping for a very long time.

All at once there were sounds of squeals and grunts from near at hand.

"Pigs!" exclaimed John, adding wonderingly, "But whom can they belong to? We're nowhere near Dad's sties yet."

"And what can be the matter with them? Run!" cried Joan, and together the pair took to their heels. A minute or so later they reached a fence protected by barbed wire. Underneath it a big pig had been caught in trying to squeeze into the field, and several others outside a gate near the pig were joining in its SOS for help.

"Why, it's our Susie! And all the young pigs! Good gracious! How did they get here?" shouted John, as he and his sister dashed to the rescue.

They soon had the big piggy out of its plight, none the worse except for a scratch that had not done much harm to its thick skin.

"I hope the fright you've had will keep you from trying to trespass any more," John said, as he and Joan hustled the truants homeward.

The children had got them to the farmyard gate just as their father came hurrying out. His face beamed with relief.

"I have been in a state," he said. "I've been rushing all over the place after those rascally strays; and now I was just off to meet you two children in case you missed your way in the fog."

"Instead of which we've brought ourselves safely home and the pigs too," John said triumphantly. "As a matter of fact, Susie's squeals showed us where we were; so we helped each other."

No wonder the farmer saw it that both children and piggies had a specially good tea.

## Home-made Cakes the Kiddies love—made with Borwick's Baking Powder



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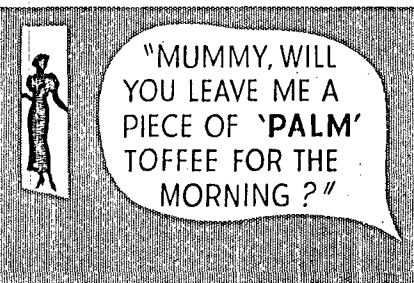
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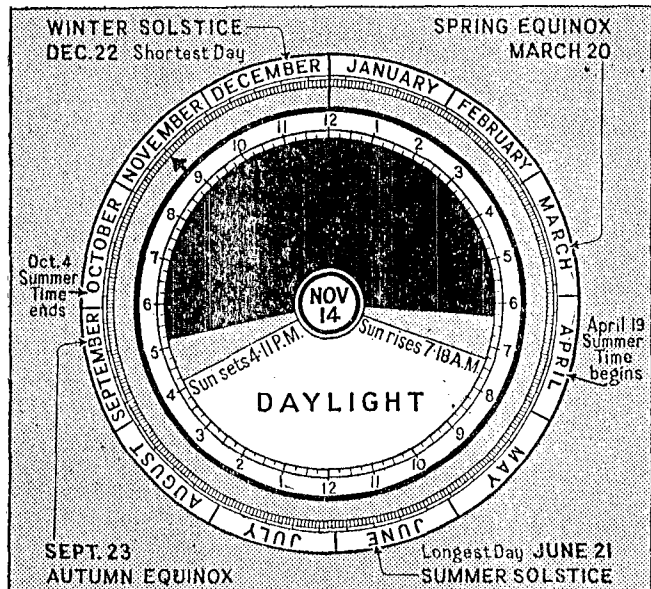
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Name and Address in Block Letters C.N.



## Walters' Palm Toffee The Best that mummy can buy!



The C.N. Calendar. This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on November 14. The days are now getting shorter. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.